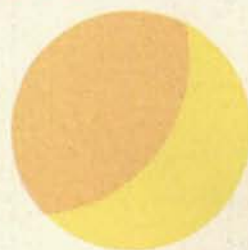


ny Nixon Lost His Cool
BY WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.
page 766

NATIONAL REVIEW

Goodnight,
Chetsky.

Goodnight,
Davidov.



J.J.

XRPI495 802R 52 129
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Welfare Begins at Home
by John Chamberlain, John R. Coyne Jr....
On Leaving the Herd, by John Braine.

Were you in love with Carole Lombard?

Remember "the world's greatest checker player"...Wally Warfield Simpson, who "jumped two men and got a king"?

REMEMBER AUTOGIROS?

Remember how you felt the first time you got on a conga line?

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a new club that lets you take a vacation from the Sick Sixties... and takes you on a real buggy ride, kiddo, back to those saner days when a raccoon coat was the cat's pajamas... you were hot stuff if you knew where to get real imported hootch... and the hottest thing you could put on the Victrola was Red Nichols playing "The Sheik of Araby."

Your first selection as a Charter Member of the Nostalgia Club (with your agreement to take just four other Selections over the next two years), the brand new

Remember When

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There are a dozen memories on every delightful page of Allen Churchill's new luxury-size book of remembrances... pictures, posters, comic strips, paintings, old ads — plus 80,000 words of anecdotes, stories, news items, scandals and whatnot that really bring back those goofy days of the Thirties, the Twenties and even before. REMEMBER WHEN is selling in the stores right now at \$9.95; sheiks and shebas who climb aboard our bandwagon can take it as the first of their five Club Selections — for just a buck!

"THE PAST," said some cakeater, "is all we truly possess." And the past is all the Nostalgia Book Club has to offer.

Our stock in trade: fond keepsakes of the Thirties and Twenties. Old movies, sports, music, fads and follies, colorful personalities, tin lizzies, social history, radio, bootleggers, big shots and sharpies that help you re-live all the fun. Even the hard times soften with the passing years. Now you can look back at them with a little honest satisfaction.

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We want to attract lots of members to the Club right at the start. So we've arranged to make your Charter Membership worth more in dollars and more in pleasure: • At least three times a year, Charter Members only will receive either a free surprise book or record... or be offered the same at a price much lower than even the Club discount price... or be privileged to buy at a good discount a special book available only to Charter Members, not to ordinary members. • Now — as long as we can keep this offer open — you can take, for just one dollar, a copy of Allen Churchill's wonderful, just-published \$9.95 word-and-picture story of 1900-1942, *Remember When*. • Free subscription to *Reminiscing Time*, monthly Club bulletin that not only describes latest Selection and Alternates but carries special yesteryear features sure to start the nostalgia flowing. • Discounts ranging from 20% all the way up to 70%, prices from \$3.75. • You need buy only 4 Club Selections over the next two years from among the 50 or more we'll offer, after which you may resign at any time. • You are free to reject any Selection you don't want on the handy form provided. If you want the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It will come automatically. • EXTRA! We guarantee never to offer a book about Twiggy or the Beatles. Come on, make some whoopee. It's a cinch to send in the coupon to the Nostalgia Book Club, 525 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801. Don't be a dodo.



Remember how Mel Ott used to fling his foot in the air before he brought the wood around? Remember the Fatty Arbuckle trials? And when Charlie Chaplin married Paulette Goddard?

Remember zoot suits with a reef pleat?

And "brevity is the soul of lingerie"? Who was the better horn player, Harry or Bix? Some say Satchmo was the greatest of them all. Remember the flappers from Greenwich Village, who wore short, short-skirts and nothing underneath?

Tell the truth: didn't you even TRY to make booze in the bathtub? Did you get to see the Trylon and the Perisphere? Remember how you waited all week for **Bank Night**? Did you have a lever on your dashboard marked **FREE WHEELING IN**? Remember lace corsets? The Black Bottom? The Big Apple? Remember "Quick Henry, the Flit"? Shoveling coal?

Remember the flagpole sitters? Peaches and Daddy Browning? Did you ever tell a date, "Thanks for the buggy ride"? (Not if he was a secondhand hunk of cheese; then you told him to go fly a kite.)

Whatever did happen to Judge Crater? (Maybe they should have called in the Thin Man.)

Were you afraid to go see KING KONG? Remember Mae West in *Night After Night*? ("She stole everything but the cameras," muttered George Raft after a preview.)

Try hard... and maybe you can still hear the musical moan of Bob Burns' original bazooka. Or Andy Devine's washboard voice. **Remember Wallace**

Beery? Mable Normand? Fay Wray? Or the way your heart

swelled when Nelson Eddy sang "Stout-Hearted Men"? Remember "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round"... "A Tisket, A Tasket"... "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie"... "In a Cottage Small by a Waterfall"? Of course you remember Wee Bonnie Baker. And Benny and the Quartet, the first time they invaded Carnegie Hall! Did you play the ukelele?

Remember yo-yo tournaments? Remember *The Literary Digest*? *Collier's*? *Vanity Fair*?

Were you a jitterbug? Remember those magazine cover ads: "It's Toasted", "They Satisfy".

Remember your father's fountain pen? Nickel hot dogs? Two-bit hair cuts? Or "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly, K-E-Double-L-Y???" Remember movies that were **CONTINUED NEXT WEEK? Remember the ice man?**

Remember Valentino? The Cotton Club? "It"? Remember "Ask Me Another"? Were you a jazz baby? Wouldn't you like to meet the poor shrimp who sat playing the banjo in the back of Just Plain Bill's barber shop?

Remember the Toonerville Trolley, Toots and Casper, Mush Stebbins, Little Mary Mixup? Was your birthday announced on Uncle Don?

Has there ever been anything in this world like Near Beer? Remember how we all idolized the Brown Bomber! The Lone Eagle! The Lone Ranger! Yes... and

REMEMBER TUNING IN... to *Amos 'n Andy*: "I've Regusted!" Joe Penner: "Wanna buy a duck?" Rudy Vallee: "Heigh Ho Everybody". Major Bowes: "All right! All right! Bong!" Remember Vic and Sade? Allen's Alley? Stoopnagle and Budd? "Buck Benny rides again"?

Remember the Silly Symphonies? Or: "She was only a doctor's daughter, but my how she operated." Remember running boards? Rumble seats? Roadsters? **Remember When? It was silly and mostly nonsense, but it was a laugh a minute. And there hasn't been anything like it since. Now it's all back again... waiting for you as a Charter Member of the NOSTALGIA CLUB!**



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Okay, you boxes, sign me on as a Charter Member of your new Club. I got all the Charter Membership privileges described above, such as a special surprise book or record at least 3 times a year; my copy of Allen Churchill's nifty new \$9.95 book or *Remember When*, for \$1 plus shipping; and my free subscription to *Reminiscing Time*, the monthly Club bulletin that describes current Selections and Alternates and brings me memory-jogging words, pictures and sounds from yesteryear. I may buy books, records and other Selections at 20% to 70% discounts plus shipping. I am free to reject any Selection on the form provided. If I want the Selection I need do nothing: it will come automatically. I agree to buy only 4 more books or records over the next 2 years, after which I may resign at any time.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Wanted: good conservative Republican candidates. Party leaders, totting up the meaning of the Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York and Buffalo mayoral elections and primaries are looking for young, aggressive candidates to run in primaries against **Charles Goodell** (N.Y.) and **Charles Percy** (Ill.) next year, and to field in Connecticut, where veteran anti-Communist **Tom Dodd** is in trouble with his own party. . . . In Texas, Rep. **George Bush**, who had been acting coy about taking on liberal Democrat **Ralph Yarborough**, is now making candidate-like noises (after all, **John Tower** proves that Texas Democrats will vote for a Republican). . . . Possible troubles for Republican conservative **George Murphy** in California from **S. I. Hayakawa**, who was named president of San Francisco State last week. Hayakawa, a Democrat with a big name in the state, hints he'd like to go for a public office, which is bad news for liberal Democratic Reps. **John Tunney**, **Phil Burton** and **George Brown**, who would like to take on Murphy. All three would be more ideologically congenial to California Democrats than Hayakawa, but Hayakawa has a better chance of winning in today's law-and-order climate.

■ People in Lower Marion Township, Pa., which is where Bryn Mawr is situated, up in arms against appointment of Communist **Herbert Aptheker** as guest lecturer there next fall. They figure since Bryn Mawr pays the township no taxes that it is they, in effect, who are paying for the Aptheker caper. They also don't buy story of President **Katherine McBride** that Aptheker will be teaching black studies not Communism. . . . Communist *Daily World* has scare story July 11 headlined: "Nazis linked to drive for ABM." Nazis turn out to be the super-respectable and responsible **American Security Council** (ASC), which the *World* identifies as a "Nazi-front organization." *World* objects to

campaign by ASC for ABM and applauds **SANE** for "[flooding] the capital for weeks on end with anti-ABM mail [which was] a key factor in the upsurge of opposition to the ABM."

■ On the plus side: Gallup reports that 52 per cent of American Negroes oppose **James Forman's** demands for reparation by white churches; another 27 per cent had no opinion on the question. . . . **Morehouse**, a Negro college in Atlanta, Ga. has expelled fifteen Negro militants who seized college trustees last spring and threatened them with bodily harm. . . . The Rev. **J. H. Jackson**, president of the National Baptist Convention, blames black separatists for the slowdown in integration. . . . YAF directors meeting in Columbus,



Waite, *The Sun*, London Ben Roth Agency
"I'm tired of asking for equal pay."

Ohio a week ago have drawn up a plan for legal attacks against campus militants. They will put them in the hands of lawyers in over a hundred cities where campus disruptions can be expected this fall.

■ The Czech wall: West-German police

report seven young Czechs who tried to crash a frontier barrier last week were caught; at least one was killed. . . . Soviet jamming of **Voice of America** broadcasts, resumed a year ago—on August 21, the day of the Czech invasion—has been stepped up in the past couple of weeks. . . . Foreign sources in Prague report that very few of the forty thousand Czechs who left the country or were out of it at the time of the invasion have accepted Prague's offer of free tickets home. . . . **Kremlin** much annoyed by new Red Chinese propaganda tactic. **Peking** has taken to calling the present Kremlin leaders "the new Czars," instead of "revisionist renegades."

■ May be surprised: **Madalyn Murray O'Hair** (the prayer decision) reported proudly a couple of weeks ago that 29,000 persons had signed her resolution protesting readings from Genesis by Apollo 8 astronauts. Catholic bishops in Connecticut are now collecting counter-petitions from their parishioners. Movement could spread. . . . **Dr. Spock**, as might be expected, finds the Apollo project "shocking and disgraceful" for the usual reasons. . . . Not present among the million at the blast-off, a representative of **Neil Armstrong's** hometown paper—he couldn't get press credentials. . . . **Werner von Braun**, one of those who made the present trip possible, predicts that by the end of the century, a trip to the moon will cost about as much as the plane fare from New York to London today. . . . Whatever happens, the Apollo 11 astronauts won't break the ticker-tape record in New York City set by **Douglas MacArthur**. Reason: many of the new Wall Street buildings have permanently closed windows. . . . Much speculation about what Armstrong's first words will be when he steps on the moon. Whatever they are, they couldn't be more laconic than **Lindbergh's** at Le Bourget: "Well, I made it."

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CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! You get discounts up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle.

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We're the largest and only all label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape, including cartridges and cassettes on any label... including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You never pay full-price! You get best sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

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We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED... NOT CONTROLLED... NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are never obliged by company policy to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record or tape clubs, from offering the very best records and tapes.

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pon with check or money order—NOT for regular \$5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE... just \$2.50. You SAVE \$2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee.

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754 BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Will Herberg reviews *Seeds of Anarchy: A Study of Campus Revolution* ☐ Frank J. Johnson discusses two books on ABM ☐ Three Sola Pons novels reviewed by Jared C. Lobdell ☐ Stephen Tonsor on Pete Berger's *A Rumor of Angels* ☐ Richard Corliss on films

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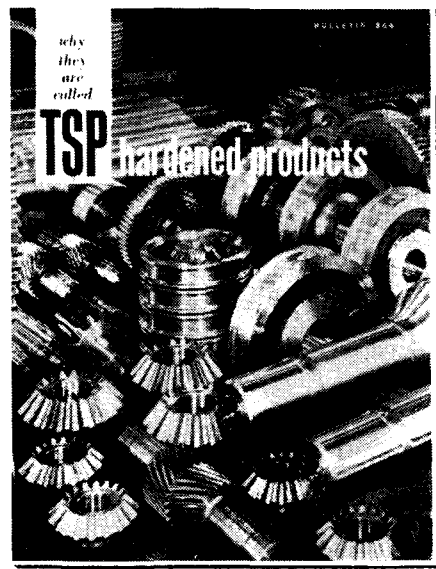
■ **John Braine**, once recognized as the commander-in-chief of England's angry young leftists, has fought his way out of the dark words of ideology. Author of *Room at the Top*, *Life at the Top*, *Vodi*, *The Jealous God* and *The Crying Game*, Mr. Braine attributes his conversion in part to James Burnham's *Suicide of the West*. In this issue he chronicles the joys and the often lonely frustrations that characterize life on the British Right. . . . Also from England, **Anthony Lejeune** reports on the investiture of the Prince of Wales, an event which shows that the institutions of Great Britain still stand for something beyond the dispensing of false teeth and eyeglasses. . . . **John Chamberlain**, dean of conservative columnists, discusses several striking examples of business assistance to the black community, and *NR*'s **John Coyne** summarizes programs of corporate involvement in the ghettos. . . . **Yale Ewing** listens carefully to the pronouncements of Jerome Wiesner, chief scientific anti-ABM drummer, looks at his background, and decides that Wiesner's position is not only inconsistent but illogical. . . . **Jean Jeffries** peers into her satirical looking-glass and sees a reverse image that puts many of our sometimes overblown national concerns into perspective.

■ **James Burnham** exercises the haruspical art to find in the current batch of entrails the foreshadowing of the great American global recession. . . . Co-seer **Frank Meyer** looks at the primary defeat of John Lindsay and sees in it portents of national political significance. . . . **Russell Kirk** applauds the California State Board of Education for its sensible stand on classroom sex education. . . . **Alec Waugh** nostalgically savors the delights of sojourning in the South of France. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** detects in the strangely-timed confession of Clark Clifford symptoms of national weariness and dismisses the twilp currently being peddled by Jackie Kennedy's Crawfie.

■ **Will Herberg** reviews a new collection of non-left essays on the campus New Left, among the authors of which are Ronald Reagan, John Meyer and Jeffrey Hart. . . . **Frank J. Johnson** analyzes two ABM books, one inspired by Teddy, the other by Herman Kahn. He votes for the latter. . . . **Jared C. Lobdell** enjoys three by August Derleth, the Sauk City successor to Conan Doyle. . . . **Stephen J. Tonsor**, whose cogent indictment of contemporary education appeared in the July 1 *NR*, turns his attention to a theological performance. . . . And **Richard Corliss**, fresh from a purgatory of pornographic movies, finds the new freedom films boring enough to qualify as subjects for *Partisan Review* essays.



(if you
operate a plant,
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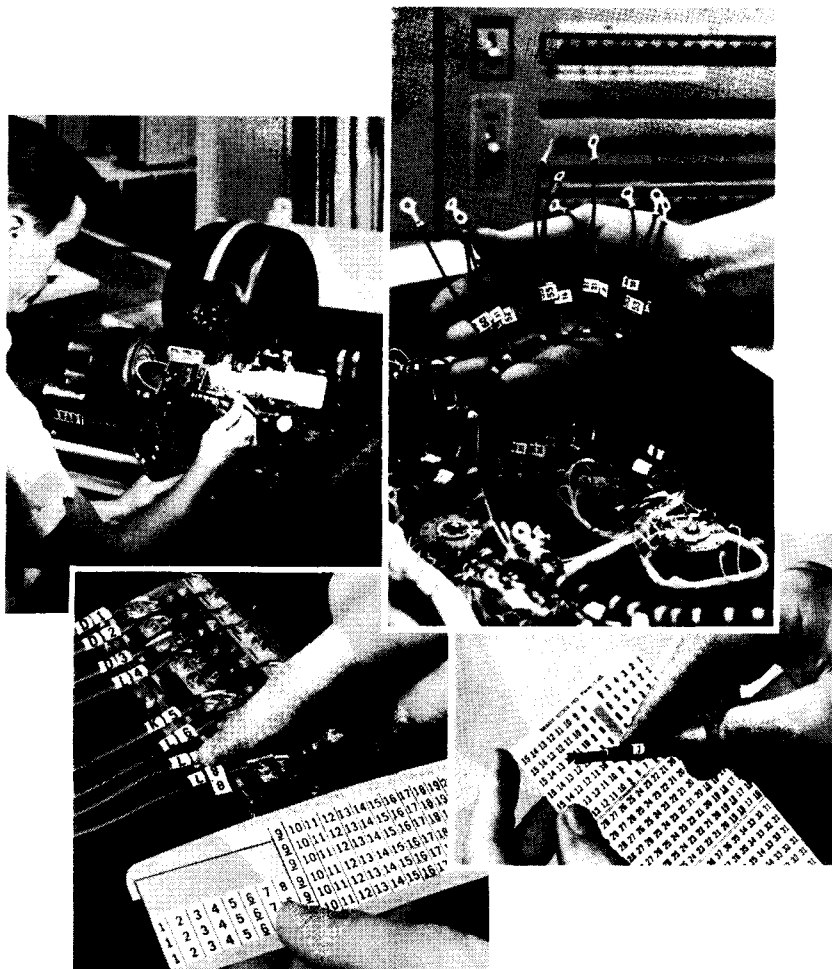
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LETTERS

Nausea

David Brudnoy's "New Left and Negro Extremism" [NR, July 1] is outstanding! It is also sickening. It shows so clearly the condition our so-called liberals have led our country into.

Portland, Ore.

CLARENCE W. WALLS

Huzzahs for Tonsor

Multiple huzzahs are in order for Professor Tonsor's article [NR, July 1]. For example, his implied suggestion that the tuitions of state colleges and universities should be raised to levels comparable with those of private institutions is a bold one and long overdue. The cost of government low-interest loan funds to help students defer the payment of educational costs until the years following graduation would be a fraction of the present state subsidies of low tuition fees. Moreover, a valuable screening procedure to eliminate from application students of low motivation would be achieved automatically.

JAMES R. THOMPSON

Assistant Professor of Mathematics

Bloomington, Ind.

Indiana University

Erratum

I know nothing about Westbrook Pegler, but I do know that Mr. Phelps' quotation [NR, July 15] is from Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse* and not from *Lepanto* at all.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

PIERRE H. BERUBE

Mr. Berube is correct.

—ED.

Facing Lindsay

John Lindsay, with typical liberal predictability, has blamed his image-shattering defeat on the forces of "fear and reaction." One might wonder why the Mayor does not follow his own philosophy and blame the causes and not the symptoms of his debacle. That is, he should not blame the "fear" of the voters but rather the causes of that fear; and these causes are clearly elucidated in John Coyne's excellent article, "Is John Lindsay Ungovernable?" [NR, June 17].

We can all agree that there is no point in admonishing another for acting from "fear" if that fear is rational. For example, when I put my seat belt on because of my fear of the possible consequences of an accident, I would find it odd and even nonsensical if another were to censure me for acting from fear. This is the case because one is expected to act on one's rational fears. Thus with crime increasing faster in New York under Lindsay than the national average, one would be acting

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on a rational fear if one voted against the Mayor for this reason.

If Mayor John "faces" the problem of re-election as he has faced other major problems in the past, the citizens of New York City will not be faced with another Lindsay administration.

Goleta, Cal. VINCENT W. MOONEY JR.

The Importance of Breeding

The letter in your July 1 issue from Thomas Jukes, derogating my qualifications to comment on eugenics, recalls the studies of the two antipodal families that always used to be used to illustrate the importance of breeding—the Edwards and the Jukes.

Perhaps it is only my vast ignorance of the subject that enables me to feel less contrite than had this castigation been signed by an Edwards.

Wheeling, W. Va. TOM SWEENEY

Kirk and the Voucher System

Russell Kirk [NR, June 17] views with approval the Campbell proposal which would permit parents to use public funds to send their children to private schools. Mr. Kirk is content that there should be schools of every splintered variety.

Granted the shortcomings of our public educational system, is it wise to weaken the most unifying force in our national life, the public schools? In them many diverse elements become fused into Americans.

Private schools tend to accentuate prejudicial differences, which are carried into adulthood. Do we want a nation of hyphenated Americans? What would we get educationally from such a "crazy-quilt" system?

Lakeland, Fla. IRVING LEVY

Two Cheers for Rhodesia

Having just returned from three weeks in Rhodesia, I read with interest your comments ["Closing the Doors," NR, June 17] on Rhodesia's proposed constitution. Your displeasure with the new document and the reasons for that displeasure are almost verbatim the statements made to me by well-informed Rhodesians who heretofore have been in general support of the Smith government. They were especially apprehensive over the effects this move would have on the loyalty of the African population especially since that loyalty is so necessary in the quiet war against Communist-trained terrorists slipping across the border from the north. To date, African support for the "freedom fighters" in Rhodesia has been almost universally absent. In fact, most of the captures made by the security forces have been made through the cooperation of the African tribesmen near the Zambezi border.

On the other hand, equally knowledgeable and sincere people indicated that the new constitution gives greater recognition to the chiefs and headmen, the traditional leaders of the African population. Further,

hey feel that the new proposal would guarantee a situation which will encourage immigration and capital investment, the latter being essential for developing the tremendous potential of this country.

I hesitate to pass judgment on the Rhodesian people. They have done so much when one considers how recently (eighty years ago) the area was a wasteland that knew little else but bloody tribal war, disease and decay. During my unobstructed visits to Tribal Trust Lands, African townships, schools, medical facilities, child-care centers, etc., I was impressed by the dedicated efforts of the white Rhodesians to improve the lives of their African co-citizens. I also took notice of the racial harmony that prevailed, and the lack of the trappings which exist in a police state. Unless Rhodesia has a large number of plainclothes policemen, I would have to say that there were surprisingly few policemen in view. No one who met so many fine people—black and white—as I did during my stay in Rhodesia could wish them anything but happiness and prosperity in the difficult days ahead.

Commack, N.Y.

ANTHONY P. DI PERNA

St. Christopher et Alii

Has NATIONAL REVIEW been sucked in by the sentimental campaign, currently festering in one segment of popular Catholicism, to turn into a *cause célèbre* the routine workings of the Vatican's liturgical arm, which resulted in the removal of several saints of obscure origin from the universal calendar? Mr. Clinton's insinuation ["St. Christopher, We're on Your Side," NR, June 17] that political expedience now dictates hagiography was unfair, unprincipled and untrue. Certainly, the Vatican is seeking to widen the appeal of its calendar; and, certainly, it does have non-Italian and non-European groups specifically in mind.

The present liturgical calendar became part of our ritual baggage when the Council of Trent, reining in on the traditional local flexibility of the liturgy in order to preserve or restore the purity of worship to a Church in torment, imposed on the whole Latin Church the form of celebration practiced at Rome. With this admittedly necessary restriction of ceremony came the Roman *calendarium*, laden with the saints venerated by local custom in and around the Eternal City. Now that the threat of insidious corruption of our worship by the religious equivalent of "Them" has subsided (though fifth columnists of various persuasions presently are doing their damndest to emasculate or desiccate the liturgy), the Church is pursuing a perennial preoccupation—clarifying the witness of her Catholicity.

Mr. Clinton was objective enough to note, though not objective enough to emphasize, that the unlucky two score and ten or so are not now "un-saints." The action of the Church was to remove these saints-by-tradition, popularized long be-

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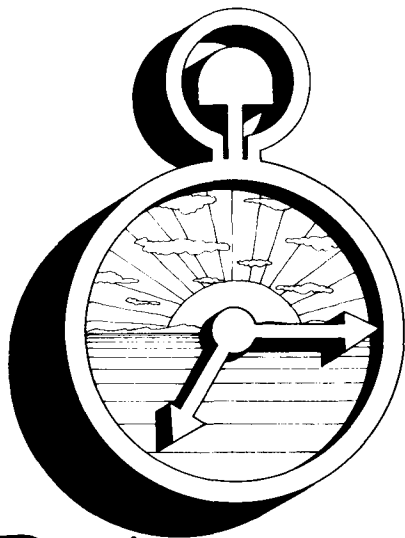
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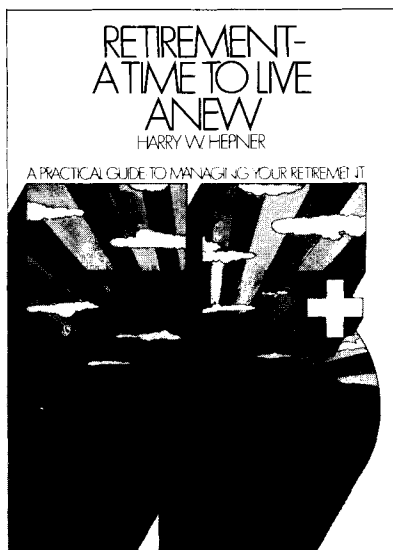
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fore canonization became a historically verifiable and scrupulously inquisitional process, from *public* veneration. They were withdrawn from *liturgical* celebration on a *worldwide* scale lest the worship of the Church, by being credulous, appear less credible. In most of these cases, undoubtedly, underneath the legend lies some person of rare holiness. To these saints (small "s") whom history has skipped over, honor and devotion forever as members with us of the one Body of Christ—but publicly, liturgically, only on November 1! Privately, and in those areas where their cult began, and where, therefore, it is perhaps more reasonably based, veneration is still permitted and encouraged.

Patterson, N.Y. REV. PETER J. MADORI

Pavlovian Dogs

For some time now I have realized that I am an anomaly. Jewish by birth and deep conviction, politically I am staunchly conservative. I read with dismay, but not surprise, your article titled "Hitler for Mayor" [The Week, May 20]. For the life of me I can not understand why my fellow Jews are so overwhelmingly ultra-liberal. The inconsistency and irrationality of Senator Javits and former Ambassador Goldberg with respect to U.S. support for Israel but not for South Vietnam is incomprehensible from such intelligent men. Many Jewish friends of mine support what are generally labeled "conservative causes" (e.g. property rights, law and order, limitations on unions, etc.), and I mean support strongly. They reject, however, the conservative or even Republican title, and year after year march into the voting booth to "pull that big 'D' lever" like so many Pavlovian dogs.

Chicago, Ill.

STEVEN SASS

Pro Otters, Eagles, Geese

I was disturbed by the silly nature of your remarks [NR, June 17] concerning the underground tests of hydrogen weapons on Amchitka Island.

One thing that you failed to mention was that Amchitka Island has been a National Wildlife Refuge since 1913. The Aleutian Canada goose that you mentioned was eliminated by the blue foxes, but the island is the home of a large concentration of sea otters, sea lions, about twenty pairs of bald eagles, numerous seabirds, Dolly Varden trout and salmon.

The 1965 Long Shot nuclear test on Amchitka Island apparently did little biological damage, but the AEC left a lot of litter. The proposed nuclear tests are many times more powerful than the 1965 test and there could be a lot of physical and biological damage. Is it necessary to conduct these tests in a National Wildlife Refuge?

Alloy, W. Va.

ERNEST E. NESTER

Hazlitt and Import Quotas

It is difficult not to agree with Mr. Henry Hazlitt's "The New Protectionism" [NR,

May 20]. But are his conclusions and recommendations practical? Not, in my view, as regards the sugar quota.

The year prior to the Jones-Costigan Act of 1934, when the quota system was established for the importation of foreign sugar, the average price of this commodity in the U.S. market was 1.22 cents per pound. In 1932 it had been less than 1 cent per pound. At these ruinous prices, for which there seemed to be at that time no instant remedy, no independent foreign producer, and much less the U.S. sugar industry, could survive much longer. But the Philippine producers apparently could, for they continued to increase at a rapid pace their exports to this market, jumping from 818,000 short tons in 1931 to 1,221,000 short tons in 1933, at the expense not only of Cuba—then traditionally the main foreign supplier—but of the U.S. beet and cane producers as well, who saw their market being reduced as that of the Philippines increased.

The quota system was thus more than an "antidepression" measure; it was principally a measure to save from total collapse the U.S. domestic sugar industry and avert a chaotic situation in Cuba in the wake of the revolution that ousted President Machado. Cuba was not "specially favored." The sugar quota was not a mere grant or relief. It was, as President Roosevelt put it, "to help her through the expansion of trade between the two countries."

After Cuba's independence from Spain in 1902 and the signing of the Reciprocity Treaty with the U.S., this country had a preferential, almost exclusive market in Cuba which accounted for about 95 per cent of Cuba's imports, and, as a counterpart, Cuba logically received a share of the U.S. sugar market. Such of course is not the case of the other foreign suppliers, most of them Latin American, who benefited from the disappearance of Cuba as the principal foreign supplier of the U.S. and have increased their imports from 280,000 short tons in 1959 (the year of the Communist takeover of Cuba) to 3,310,000 short tons in 1967. These suppliers are, in effect, getting a subsidy from the U.S. consumers.

But, in spite of this, and the fact that the quota system is complicated and costly to administer, how could any U.S. Congress (or, for that matter, the State Department and the White House) make a *volte-face* by suppressing the system and, going back to the days of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, imposing a duty on sugar imports "equal to the present difference between the American and the world prices." For to suppress the quota system, with its preferential price, when the Administration is striving hard to improve relations with Latin America, would create a deep crisis in the sugar industries of these beneficiaries which since 1962 have been basing their output (as their governments have been basing their respective budgets) on the U.S. quota, not to mention the politi-

cal and social repercussions that would surely follow. Remember Peru. Paraphrasing Mr. Hazlitt, these are very powerful vested interests and, apparently, politically impossible to get rid of; as—I would add—it is politically impossible to get rid of Communist Cuba wherein lies the cause of the vexatious and anti-economic problem of subsidizing foreign sugars.

Miami, Fla.

ANTONIO BARRO

NR and Canada

I am a subscriber to your magazine who has recently moved from the United States to Canada. For this reason, and because I am a Canadian citizen, I was very interested in the article you ran a while ago on Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Medicare.

I would like to urge you to continue to include articles on Canadian affairs in your magazine. There just doesn't seem to be a comparable publication here to voice the opinions of the conservative.

Montreal, Quebec

CLYDE G. LONERGAN

No Joke

This is in reply to Mrs. Nickerson's letter "Polish Joke," which appeared in your June 3rd issue. In 1670 Poland, in land area and population, was one of the largest countries in Europe. Although she never engaged in overseas colonial adventures, she was a world power on the European scene, whose presence was keenly felt at the courts of Moscow, Vienna and Constantinople. Militarily, she guarded Europe's eastern frontiers from the Gulf of Finland to the Black Sea, and her victories in battle, to name just a few, included that over the Teutonic Order in the 1460s, Russia in the 1580s and again in the early 1600s, the Swedish armies of Charles X in the 1650s, and the Turks at Vienna in the 1680s. It was not external enemies that finally defeated her, but her unfortunate political system, where one negative vote in parliament would undo anything all the other members of the same parliament wanted and voted for. (How many times do we have a unanimous vote in Congress?) The three partitions, beginning with the first in 1772, were a direct result of this "liberum veto" rather than any foreign invasion.

MAJOR GEOFFREY T. COWELL

Maisieres, Belgium

Hiss! Boo!

It is truly amazing how one department can be so out of depth—politically, socially and culturally—with the rest of your magazine. In fact, comparing your film and book reviews, one gets the impression that NR doesn't deem it necessary to view movies in the same intellectual light as one does, say, a political novel. Time and time again, Richard Corliss deals in tokenism and personal whim, utterly ignoring the important political and social aspects that make the movies a powerful force, for good or bad, in our society.

Clarence, N.Y.

ALAN LITWIN

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THE WEEK

■ Our friend and collaborator John Lofton sends us a clipping from the *Washington Post* which reports that two American prisoners of war in North Vietnam “spoke of the loudspeakers in their cells. [Roger] Ingvalson said it broadcast readings in English from historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr.” and others. Comments Lofton: “I think that as a captured pilot I could take most anything the North Vietnamese might dish out in the way of torture. But having recordings of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. piped into my cell . . . God! I’ll talk! I’ll talk!”

■ “Lindsay, despite the shirtsleeve charm and the radiant intentions, has been incompetent and naïve, devoted to public relations as a substitute for tangibilities. . . . Lindsay disappointed and angered the poor and the middle class, blacks and Jews, the Left and the Right, landlords and tenants, consumers and dispensers—mainly by making voluminous promises to all of them and then failing to carry them through. (When he runs on the Liberal ticket, it’s hard to guess where he might acquire new support, after the numbers he’s already lost.) Still, his conscience must be respected; his urgency in proclaiming the perils to U.S. cities has the ring of total concern. He belongs in some urban chair in Washington where he can talk about the problems of the cities without actually being required to run one.” Don’t blame us if you think this defames Our John. We’re quoting from Badillo-supporter Nora Sayre’s piece on the New York primary election published in Britain’s left-wing *New Statesman*.

■ Max Scherr is learning. In 1965 he founded the *Berkeley Barb*, most venerable and perhaps dirtiest of the New Left underground newspapers. Now he has labor problems: “Capitalist pig Max Scherr has locked us . . . out of our office and fired us for trying to turn the *Barb* into a model of the people’s revolution,” write forty of the *Barb*’s Maoist sexologists, who are printing a rival paper, the *Barb on Strike*. “It may be,” responds Scherr, who signs himself Max the Pig, “that one man cannot resist a gang determined to destroy him. It may be that you, the public, will never hear this small voice except when it is too late for you to come to the aid of the true *Barb*.” As Scherr is discovering, there are problems in being a businessman in the Great Society.

■ “Hip, hip, Hippocrates,

“Up with service, down with fees.”

Thus runs the latest version of the Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh New Left fight song, this rendition being chanted by demonstrators who briefly disrupted the AMA convention in New York. The leader of the dissidents, a Dr. Richard Kunnes, seized a microphone and delivered a

typical New Leftist rational tirade. “Let’s get one thing straight,” he whined out at the assembled doctors, his gimlet eyes alight with self-righteous fervor. “The American Medical Association is really the American Murder Association.” Yeah, yeah. Kunnes then dramatically burned part of his Blue Cross card and went off to have his picture taken by the news media. And the doctors swallowed some aspirin and continued their meeting.

■ In the Bronx and Brooklyn, the streets have been sadly quiet in July, bereft of the familiar tinkling bell of Mr. Softee ice cream trucks. On July 2, a half-dozen armed men broke into three Mr. Softee garages and took parts from the engines of 76 trucks, leaving them unrunnable just before the holiday weekend. John Salvato, president of the Mr. Softee distributorship in both boroughs, got the fleet going again a few days later, but on July 9 a gunman waylaid one of the drivers and, while the poor man looked on, blew up his truck. Since then few drivers have dared leave the garage. Salvato, perhaps disingenuously, said he has “no idea” why all this has happened. The Bronx and Brooklyn DAs think that organized crime wants a piece of the action. Next thing we know, Howard Johnson’s will have to peddle Mafia-burgers.

■ The Conventual Franciscan Friars of Marytown publish a magazine called the *Immaculate*, the current “Captive Nations Issue” of which portrays the persecution of religion behind the Iron Curtain. One article, for example, deals with the policy of allowing old people to practice their religion (thus enabling the government to say that the churches are indeed open), while taking away the jobs or university places of young people who go to church. And some of those churches that are technically open, according to another article, consist of four walls and no roof—e.g. one was nearly burned to the ground, and the government won’t issue a building permit to fix it. Most of the magazine’s material isn’t terribly new, but it needs restating in a time when Father Groppi and the National Council of Churches have begun to seem typical. (Conventual Friars of Marytown, 8000 39th Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141. 50¢ each.)

■ The non-party South African news magazine *News/Check* reports that Pretoria may soon grant an amnesty to some of the members of the banned African National Congress now living in exile in Dar es Salaam, and that they will return to South Africa. The morale of the exiles is low because of the failure of their opposition and terrorist attempts, and they are said to be anxious to return to a life that, in spite of apartheid, they feel to be better than what they have found in East Africa. *News/Check* comments that such an initiative by the government “would be a sound move, in both political and human terms, and would represent a major victory for South Africa in its dialogue with the Afro-Asians.”

■ Eldridge Cleaver flew from Havana to Algiers last

Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a most unusual book

There is a famous New York ad campaign (you see it in all subways) for Levy's Rye Bread that goes: "You don't have to be Jewish to like Levy's." I was reminded of it as I read "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes." The book is a "sleeper" -- a little-publicized, hard-to-find book that really isn't just about religion, or just for Catholics. It has a kaleidoscopic range of arguments and ideas that is absolutely breathtaking. The contributors are impressive (Marshall McLuhan, Frank Sheed, Leslie Dewart, Walter Matt, Dale Francis, Daniel Callahan -- and Bill Buckley), and the number of subjects covered is incredible: God, the Trinity, the Bible, Original Sin, Heaven and Hell, Divorce and Remarriage, Anti-Semitism, Sex, Conscience, Celibacy, Contraception, Integration, Communism, Vietnam -- not to mention the fascinating "What I would do if I were Pope" section.

I could go on and on about this eye-opening book, but here's the point: if you are at all interested in this kind of thing, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes" free and post-paid (all you have to do is use the handy card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody. But I can assure you that, if it is for you, you're in for a genuine treat. I can't remember when I last read such a wide-ranging, hard-hitting debate on so many vital and sensitive issues. There are clever arguments and some very poor ones too; good and bad logic; some moving and passionate pleas as well as some silly sophistry -- you'll probably feel like cheering some of the authors, while at the same time wondering how some of the others can be so wrong-headed. But you certainly won't be bored, and I'll bet that when you put this book down, you'll know -- and understand -- more about the current religious revolution that you thought possible from one book.

Finally, a personal note. I guess I've read everything that Bill Buckley has ever published. I don't know when he has been sharper -- or more effective -- than he is in this book. His "explanation" of Original Sin is the funniest thing I've read in ages (and Lord knows the Great Debate in religion needs some humor!). His handling of Satan is devilish, and ... well, I just hope you enjoy it as much as I did!

J.P.M.

week to attend the Pan African Cultural Festival, which runs till August 1. Now suppose, just suppose, the plane bringing him back is hijacked and flown to Spain. The Franco government puts him under house arrest but refuses to extradite him to the U.S., where he faces a prison term. Two years from now, still under arrest, Cleaver is pronounced dead of a heart attack by thirteen doctors. Who would believe that?

■ If SDS and the black militants have succeeded in "radicalizing" many students and faculty through campus disruptions, they have also managed to conservatize a few. To capitalize on that gain, and to seek a way out of the spreading "institutional and philosophical chaos" of the universities, a band of mainstream conservatives is sponsoring a seminar on "The Reconstruction of American Higher Education." It's in Morristown, N.J., August 22-24; students, faculty, administrators and private citizens are welcome; details from Heinz F. Mackensen, 830-3 River Road, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

■ Look, look, look. See the professor. His name is Jack Zeilenga. He is from Chico State College. He teaches physics. His tests have fun questions. Like, "How long would it take a student's blood to boil on a hot sidewalk?" Or "With what velocity would the body of a student hit by a shotgun blast recoil?" Fun.

■ Moon-style revisionism (courtesy *Aviation Week & Space Technology*): The Apollo 11 astronauts chose the eagle from the Great Seal of the United States—a fierce-looking bird with olive branches in one talon and arrows in the other—as the emblem for their lunar module. But what they got on their flight patches is an eagle about to land on the moon, carrying only olive branches.

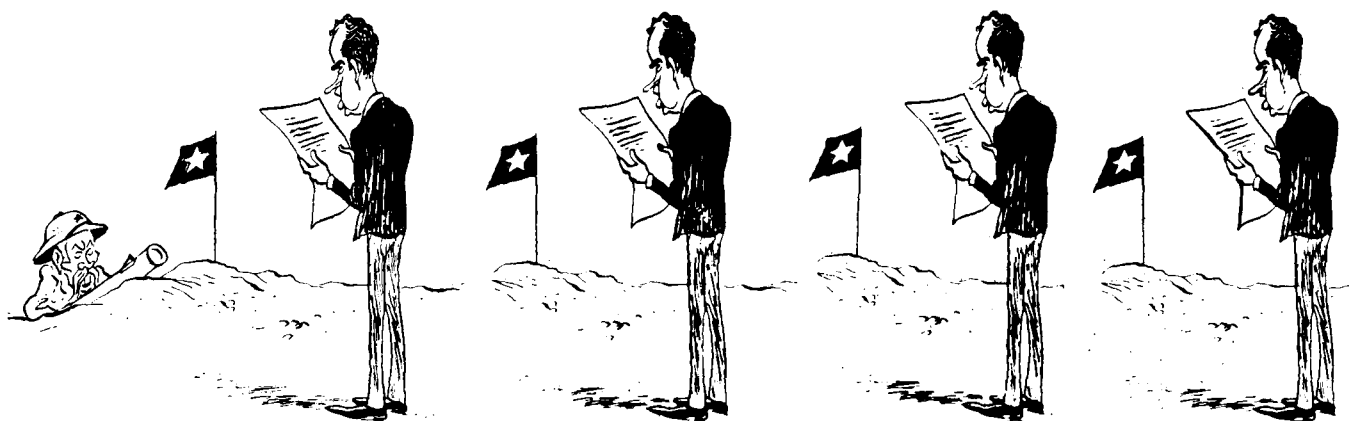
■ James Forman, call your office! A group of Passamaquoddy Indians collected a toll from all motorists passing a certain intersection in eastern Maine. Unsuspecting drivers put up no fuss; \$25 or so had been collected before state police put an end to Red Power.

Nixon at the Six-Month Mark

It can be argued that the strength of an American political party resides in its ability to internalize our national contradictions—to find a place within itself for our various regions, interests, classes and political ideologies. Thus, until recently, the strength of the Democratic Party—indeed, its identity as a national party—was reflected in the fact that it could accommodate the South. The party could work out a *modus vivendi* for itself: it could work one out for the nation. It could govern. For American parties, ideological purity is a sign of weakness, of provincialism. Contradiction is a sign of strength. Yet it is also necessary that the contradictions be transcended by an over-all tendency. To govern is to choose, and in the sense that some choices logically imply others, to choose is to choose a pattern.

All of a sudden, as the Nixon Administration ended its first half year in office, the liberals did not like the signals emanating from the White House. "Liberals in both parties," sighed *Time* delicately, "have begun to question his performance." In the *Washington Post*, however, Marquis Childs wasn't questioning: "The Nixon Administration," he declared, "on a whole series of moves, has come down on the conservative side." Everywhere on the reservation there were cries of pain: "Creeping conservatism," "chipping at the edges," "a swing to the right."

Liberal alarm was justified. Nothing dramatic had happened, but something palpable was taking place nevertheless: a movement among the political vectors. Nixon had appointed Burger to succeed Earl Warren; now the talk was of a "Southern judge" to fill Fortas' seat—perhaps Judge Clement F. Haynsworth of South Carolina, who would add to the conservative bloc on the Court; or, if not a Southern judge, perhaps Henry J. Friendly of New York, a "strict constructionist." A variety of conservatives were increasingly visible in the executive branch: J. Fred Buzhardt, as an adviser to Defense Secretary Laird; Roger Freeman of the Hoover Institution Stanford, as a member of Arthur Burns' staff; Harry



"We'll stop the bombings . . . de-escalate our actions . . . withdraw 25,000 men . . .

Dent, as chief political adviser at the White House. Two former Reagan aides are due to fill key posts in the White House: Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's former press secretary, will assist Bryce Harlow, and Tom Reed will work (at least temporarily) with Dent on such matters as political patronage.

As if this sort of thing weren't bad enough, there were a whole series of litmus actions: the ditching of Knowles (a sore loser who immediately complained in public about conservatives controlling the White House, but who, one gathers, was eager for the job anyway), the perseverance with Safeguard, the endorsement of Marchi, the unrelenting monetary squeeze, the hard-line D.C. anticrime proposal with its provision for preventive detention, the declared intention to limit the (mostly liberal) political activities of tax-exempt foundations, the modification of the desegregation guidelines in the direction of slightly greater flexibility. Nothing earth-shaking, to be sure, but there was no doubt, for the moment, about the over-all tendency.

A few signs pointed the other way. The Justice Department ordered Waterbury, Connecticut to act immediately to end de facto racial imbalance in its schools, and gave Chicago two weeks to end de facto faculty segregation, even though both of these situations reflect social realities—neighborhood patterns in Waterbury, and, in Chicago, the fact that white teachers are terrified at the prospect of working in violence-plagued ghetto schools. So far the Nixon Administration has not dealt analytically with the issue of "racial balance": for, even if the threats and suits of the Justice Department achieve their goal, there is no reason to think that "racial balance" will improve Waterbury's schools, or that ordering white teachers into Chicago's ghetto schools will diminish the violence there, or improve education, or have anything other than a negative effect upon teacher recruitment. Chicago voters have in fact resoundingly defeated "busing" schemes, and the teachers' union—supported by state law, custom and public opinion—has vowed to defend the teacher assignment system in court. Politically, there seems every reason to believe that America, black as well as white, has passed the point where it is willing to have "racial balance" im-

posed by executive or judicial fiat, on the grounds of abstract theory, and irrespective of actual social conditions.

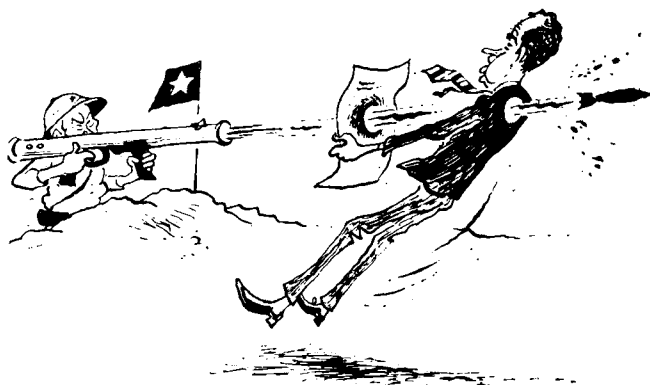
On the whole, then, at the six-month mark, a conservative tendency: which, a few unreconstructed skeptics have been heard to murmur, could be a Machiavelian effort to defuse conservative outrage at acceptance of defeat in Vietnam.

The Sands Are Running

Everyone knows the heavy cost of continuing the war in Vietnam; God knows we have been told it so often by so many senators, hippies, preachers, New Leftists, columnists, professors, editors, TV commentators and cocktail party strategists that no one could help knowing. We do not very often get a rundown on the costs of losing, though *NR* has mentioned them from time to time. Robert Thompson, a leader in the Malayan anti-Communist war as both soldier and administrator, and chief British adviser in South Vietnam, includes an impressive summary of them in his brilliant book *No Exit from Vietnam*, recently published in England but not yet here: "In South Vietnam itself a people would go under. Judging from past experience in China and North Vietnam perhaps several hundred thousands, who have supported the war and fought valiantly and who would certainly oppose the conqueror's subsequent collectivization program, might be slaughtered. This will not be shown on television and so may not worry subverted liberals and fellow travelers, but others may have it on their conscience. There is after all no Formosa to which the victims can escape nor has any area been set aside for them in the California desert."

Thompson continues with items less easy to overlook. "Recriminations [at a sellout] on top of America's inevitable loss of confidence in herself could be more damaging to American unity in the next few years than all the dissent of the past few years. . . . Every other American commitment will be exposed to doubt. [There will be] drastic realignments of policy certainly in Southeast Asia, probably in Africa and possibly even in Latin America. . . . With the failure of Western methods of defense in Vietnam, all Western methods will be downgraded even in the political, economic and technical fields. . . . In the atmosphere of turbulence and distrust which would inevitably follow an American defeat in Vietnam, the risk of a Third World War would increase. . . . The Russian penetration of the Indian Ocean would gather momentum and effect. It would also be folly to assume that China would not be looking for further easy picking."

These are among the consequences for the nation and the West, but as Richard Nixon surely understands there will also be consequences of moment for Richard Nixon. In the past it may have been Eisenhower's war and Kennedy's war and Johnson's war, but now it is ineluctably



and later more troops. . . . What is your rep. . . .?"

Nixon's war. If Mr. Nixon had bugged out fast when he first took office, he could have avoided any identification with either the war or the defeat; he would have been seen merely as the liquidator of Lyndon Johnson's war. It is too late for that. President Nixon is now stuck with his war.

Richard Nixon is a very talented and thoroughly experienced politician. He must therefore realize that if he engineers or permits a defeat, a sellout, in this war, he is politically kaput. He would have not the slightest chance of re-election in 1972; little chance, probably of renomination. The fact that most citizens are sick of the war and want out is, as he must know, irrelevant. There will be no gratitude toward him for pulling us out if we leave *with our tail between our legs*. The Left will only add contempt to their long fixed anti-Nixonism. Of more essential significance, the broad Right—without the overwhelming support of which Nixon has no serious political base—would never forgive him. It should be added that no matter how it is handled a defeat cannot be camouflaged. "Even assuming," Thompson observes, "that the negotiations were so well handled both in Paris and in their effect on Saigon that a withdrawal was covered by the façade of a settlement, without leading to a collapse within South Vietnam thereby turning withdrawal into expulsion, it could still not be disguised that the U.S. would have suffered an ignominious defeat. . . . There are too many people who will see through a camouflaged sellout." Including us.

Losing the support of the Right, Mr. Nixon will be finished politically. Nor is this a matter of the distant future. The congressional elections take place in November 1970. The President has got to show something convincing on Vietnam by several months before that date, or he will be so massively repudiated in those elections that recovery will have become all but impossible.

What this all boils down to is that Richard Nixon is lost unless South Vietnam is saved; more immediately, unless by a year or so from now there are pretty clear signs that South Vietnam is going to be saved. This means that Mr. Nixon has got to make up his mind

that this war can be won, and start winning it—even though he may prefer to call it "Vietnamizing" the war since none of us nowadays is allowed to speak of "victory" or "winning."

Currently we are not winning the war. We are not yet losing either, right now. We are holding on—and mean while beginning to withdraw *our combat troops*. There is no prospect that our present strategy *can* win. There is no prospect that Hanoi will agree to an honorable negotiated settlement *on the basis of the current military situation in the field*, as the Paris talks prove. "A negotiated settlement as a means of obtaining an 'honorable

Smile, Tentatively

There's no denying something's up;
Chuck Percy's just about to pup.
They're dumping Knowles (poor Mr. Finch!).
The ABM looks like a cinch.
The guidelines may be gone for good
Just as Strom Thurmond said they would,
While Jacob Javits has no doubt
That Mr. Nixon's selling out.
Meanwhile, the *N.Y. Times* despairs
That no one, nowhere, really *cares*.
It's hopeful, sure; we've got their goat.
But wait a while before we gloat.

W. H. VON DREELE



Open Season

peace,” Thompson writes, “[is] not an operation because Hanoi would agree neither to a ceasefire nor to any compromise settlement which did not guarantee an eventual takeover of the South.” It follows that Mr. Nixon can solve his problem only by changing our military strategy to one capable of winning—that is, shifting the military situation sufficiently in our favor to allow and force an acceptable settlement.

NR has always believed it possible to win this war.

On the military front, the winning alternatives seemed all along to be along one of two general lines: a quick-big-scale (“quantum”) escalation to smash North Vietnam as a military force; a long-term, systematic, primarily counterinsurgency operation in the tradition of the successful Malayan, Philippine—and Bolivian—anti-Communist campaigns. Let us assume that, whatever the merits of the first, it is too late in the military as well as political timetables to try it. That leaves the second.

Nearly all veterans of the earlier anti-Communist wars and nearly all experts in counterinsurgency have long advocated this second strategic approach. A number have written in some detail, publicly as well as in classified documents, about how to apply it in South Vietnam: Thompson in the book herein cited; he and other British analysts in a brochure just published by the American Security Council; Herman Kahn and his Hudson Institute in a monograph now circulating in Washington, according to a report published last week. Such a strategy has the particular present advantage of issuing neatly out of the President’s present course: among other things, it would not merely permit but require the withdrawal of more than half the U.S. forces now in Vietnam—though certainly not the withdrawal of all combat troops, since mixed U.S.-South Vietnam units would for some while be of the essence of such strategy.

The time for the President is now. He has a very short while left if he is to show some results before next year’s election. He must face the fact that a) we are not winning, and b) we can win. Let him demand of the Joint Chiefs prompt transmission of the plan not for quitting by stages but for winning. He will get it if he asks.

Dr. Spock: Color Him Yellow

Ours is the age of the anti-hero, the non-book, the put-on, and the non-event. It is also the age of the pseudo-martyr. The campus radical occupies a building as a symbolic act of disobedience, his point being that his moral position confers genuine authority on him, whereas the college administration, though claiming legitimate authority, really has none because it is a corrupt part of a corrupt system. This can be the only meaning of the act: that it does break the rules. Why else sit in a building all night? All right, let’s say that the radical’s case is not impossible; grant, that is, that it contains no internal contradictions. What is impossible, however, is the next

step: the protestor appeals to the “illegitimate” authority to grant him “amnesty”—the meaning of which would be that what he intended as a violation, and which had moral content only as a violation, was not, after all, a violation.

In Dr. Benjamin Spock, these non-martyrs have a suitable non-leader. For months it was put around that, legal protest being insufficient, the resistance to the war in Vietnam would commit illegal acts to demonstrate the seriousness of its opposition to the war. The war was unconstitutional, the government engaged in illegitimacy. Therefore, the only way to be not only moral but truly legal would be to break the laws of an unjust government. All right, the position again is internally consistent. Draft cards burn. Calls to resist are issued. Civil disobedience occurs. Ta ra, ta ra: Spock and Coffin have put themselves on the line, broken the law.

Only they haven’t. They go to trial. The trial drags on. Enormous effort goes into the defense effort to show that they did *not* break the law. Conviction. Appeal to the U.S. Circuit Court in Boston. Blah, blah. Spock and Ferber freed. Coffin and Goodman sent back to the lower court for retrial. Spock’s “resistance” was a non-event engaged in by a pseudo-martyr. You can color him yellow.

Flat-Earth Liberals

Sometimes you can’t help getting the feeling that the liberals won’t be satisfied unless the American space program ends in disaster. Witness James Wechsler’s bubble-headed column in which he coyly empathizes with the space monkey: “I suppose a general lack of imagination about the general space frenzy affects these remarks. Possibly I identify with Bonny because I would be both terrified and baffled to find myself floating in space,” says Wechsler, who reminds us that amidst all this “space frenzy,” “kids are dying in Vietnam.” “Shocking and disgraceful” is how Dr. Spock characterizes the moon shot. And listen to Drew Pearson poor-mouthing Apollo 11 in a characteristically churlish comment: “At Cape Kennedy, the U.S. is about to launch the most carefully rehearsed, most expensive, most unnecessary project of this century by which man will reach a piece of drab, radioactive, lava-like real estate hitherto romantic because of distance—the moon.”

No romance in the moon for Pearson. The whole business, in fact, leads him in the same column to a consideration of his favorite subject—sewage. With characteristic Drewpian logic he descends from light to muck, from the moon to the Potomac, in which flow “240 million gallons of excrement.” (Along with numerous old Pearson columns, one might add.) And what does this have to do with the moon shot? Well, it seems FDR had a dream of cleaning up the Potomac, as did JFK, but then Wicked Richard Nixon came along and shut his eyes to the sewers and decided to shoot the moon. Unroman-

A Shore of Space

We reprint excerpts from the prophetic commentaries with which Whittaker Chambers greeted the first Sputnik and the first American moon rocket.

November 2, 1957

Whatever else Sputnik is or means, the handwriting that it traces on our sky writes . . . the word: Challenge. It means that, for the first time, men are looking back from outside, upon those "vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world" which Arnold reached in imagination. In imagination—which is the creative beginning of everything (God Himself had first to imagine the world), the one indispensable faculty that has brought man bursting into space from that primitive point of time he shamblingly set out from. That breakthrough (all political considerations apart) touches us with a little of the chill of interstellar space, and perhaps a foreboding chill of destiny—a word too big with unchartable meanings to be anything but distasteful to our frame of mind. For it is inconceivable that what happens henceforth in, and in consequence of, space, will not also be decisive for what

happens on the earth beneath. In short, Sputnik has put what was useful and effective in method and dissection once more at the service of imagination. It is the war of imagination that, first of all, we lost. It is in terms of imagination that the Russians chiefly won something. The issue has only been joined. Nothing is final yet. But it is joined in space, and it is at that cold height and henceforth we will go forward, or go nowhere. There is no turning back.

October 25, 1958

It is the rate of events that first staggers; and the rate will, presumably, remain pretty constant. Within one twelve-month—the Sputniks, and now, our moon rocket. It makes clear enough in what direction we are going, irreversibly; are, in fact, hurtling. The pathos (for those who pay mind to such things) lies in the fact that, from this point forward, for man, there can be no going back—only on. Nothing but the self-destruction of the race by means for which these rockets might form a stage, can now stay man's onset into space.

Our moon rocket went only some

66,000 miles into space, instead of an earlier, more eagerly estimated mileage? —It did not reach the moon and orbit, but instead, plunged back earthward? —The next (and even the next) attempt may still not reach the moon? These are operational details henceforth, and exist to incite their own correction. On that new horizon, galactic now, which the rockets have breached, incidental setback loses weight, like bodies in space, in terms of a greater meaning of it all, which may be expressed like this: Abruptly, the Earth has become a shore of space. Henceforth, it is to be a beachhead from which men mount the incomparable climb into hitherto unheard of experience. In turn, the demands of that all-compelling climb must exert a radically transforming effect upon life on Earth below. Though it may take some while for the fuller realization to settle in, of man it can now be said: Up to this moment—one way; after it, something radically different.

And it is we, the Americans, who have done this. Is it not peculiarly our destiny that those rockets unfold fierily against that sky and its depths—those depths through which we dare to draw along all others?

tic. For out of such stuff as sewers and sewage treatment plants are liberal dreams of romance spun.

From sewers Pearson moves to Russia, which country, he tells us, has done an exemplary job with its rivers. This no doubt explains, following the Drewpian logic, why the Russians are still unable to send cosmonauts to the moon—one cannot have clean rivers and moon shots too. (One puzzles over just how the Drewps will treat the Luna 15 caper, however, for it tends to emphasize the fact that they ignore. Space shots very definitely reflect strong feelings of national pride and competitiveness, and the Luna 15 attempt not only mocks the whole pious ideal of international cooperation but demonstrates conclusively that the U.S. is beating the pants off the Russians.) And so we arrive at the heart of the Drewpian dilemma. Long fond of thinking of themselves as the banner-bearers of human progress, the liberals find that they must not only ignore realities of national competition for the sake of abstract UN-type pieties, but must also carp peevishly about the most imaginative and progressive human adventure of all time. A final step remains. Drewps Wechsler, Pearson, Spock and Co. will soon get honorary membership in the Flat Earth Society. Meanwhile, writing as our astronauts achieve their suc-

cessful launch, we wish them a successful and glorious trip, a safe and happy return.

Internationalize the Holy City

On July 3, the UN Security Council voted unanimously (15-0) to censure Israel for the actions it has taken to absorb the Jordanian sector of Jerusalem, seized by Israel during the 1967 war. The American vote in favor of censure represented a shift in U.S. policy. In the previous Security Council vote condemning moves toward annexation (May 21, 1968), then-Ambassador Arthur Goldberg had abstained, though at the same time Washington issued a statement to the effect that the U.S. refused to recognize any unilateral action affecting the status of Jerusalem.

The change in U.S. policy reflects the growing seriousness of the situation in the Holy City. Since occupying the Jordanian sector, Israel has moved rapidly to annex it, though such annexation would constitute a formidable obstacle to any Middle East settlement. In East Jerusalem Arab land has been requisitioned and Arab property bulldozed. Israeli national police headquarters, formerly

in Tel Aviv, has been moved into the Jordanian sector. Highrise Israeli apartment buildings are under construction. Israeli urban renewers envision a vast reconstruction operation, regardless of the judicial rights of the Arab inhabitants, including the construction of a large "international park." An international Jerusalem Committee has been set up, composed of Big Names (Thomas Hoving, Lewis Mumford, etc.), to advise on planning (the Committee includes no Arabs).

But in its resolution of July 1967 the General Assembly, as we are not often reminded, condemned the Israeli annexation policy unanimously—by an unprecedented 99-0 vote. Both Pope Paul and Patriarch Athenagoras agreed with the General Assembly. So did President Johnson. So did the World Council of Churches. So did the Security Council, by another unanimous vote (13-0, the U.S. abstaining) calling upon Israel to rescind all measures designed to absorb Arab Jerusalem.

Such startling unanimity was produced by the fact that Jerusalem, because of its history, is an international city, sacred to three religions—Christian, Moslem and Jewish. Tourists and pilgrims of all faiths from all over the world visit Jerusalem—a fact of major economic as well as spiritual importance. Before the Israeli occupation of the Jordanian sector, the tourist trade to Jerusalem provided Jordan's largest source of foreign currency.

The Holy City ought to be removed as a point of international controversy. It should be internationalized, its administration taken over by the UN, the tourist revenues divided by some equitable arrangement between Israel and Jordan. The national security of Israel would not be jeopardized in the least by such an arrangement: no military issue is involved. Israel has stated her willingness to grant Christians and Moslems control of their own holy places; but though this does suggest good will, it is not really adequate, for it rests upon a distinction between sacred and secular which is of very recent origin, deriving from the secularizing impulse of the Western Enlightenment. For many—most—Arabs, no such distinction can be made, and it is the city itself which is sacred. The Israeli state itself, indeed, is a religious as well as a civil entity, and its very premises as a nation fuse the sacred and the secular. The Israeli occupation of Jerusalem, therefore, cannot be religiously any more than politically neutral, and it scarcely seems appropriate for Israel to base its administration of the Holy City on assumptions about the separation of church and state which derive from the Western Enlightenment.

Jerusalem can be removed from contention only by passing under international, religiously neutral, control. The other outstanding issues between Israel and the Arabs now rest in stalemate. Even barring another Middle Eastern war, they will be a long time in resolution. As someone has said, if God is dead, He died trying to find a solution to the Arab-Israeli problem. In the long run, however, any viable American policy in the Middle East must envisage depolarization, and a restoration of American credibility among its potential friends in the

Arab world. When the Security Council, in the near future, once again turns to the problem of Jerusalem, Ambassador Yost should make it clear that America recognizes the rights of Arabs, as well as of Christians and Jews, by recommending international control of the Holy City.

The Poverty Profession

In New York City, an activist group counsels welfare recipients on their rights: this family is entitled to a washing machine from "the city," that family, to a new couch for the living room. A woman in Appalachia praises the antipoverty worker who came to her town "and showed me how much I could get from all those government programs." A group of New York's largest stores has just extended credit privileges to welfare recipients. A construction worker in Connecticut reports that his union is trying to recruit young Negro apprentices but is having small luck because there is more money to be made on welfare. Poverty, it becomes daily clearer, is a legitimate and often permanent occupation, like steam-fitting or accountancy. As in other trades and professions, the more alert and energetic workers make the most money.

This goes against the traditional American grain. In the United States, where protestant capitalism triumphed as nowhere else, poverty was viewed as wrong, shameful, harmful to the poor person and to society. It mattered little where the blame was laid—on the indolent individual or on the stumbling economic system—the point was, it was bad to be poor and something had to be done about it. Now the question arises, what is *poor*? Today it is possible to be a professional povertyite and do rather nicely for oneself. "Poverty" has broken free of its two old connotations, want and disgrace: The smart povertyites no longer lack the essentials of life or even many of its luxuries; nor do they feel any guilt about their dependence upon society.

To keepers of the old faith, this is disturbing. Aroused, they cry out against "indolence," "subsidized illegitimacy," "sapping of initiative" etcetera. The tribunes of the poor respond by condemning objectors and objections as "callous," "heartless," "inhumane." The brouhaha is irrelevant; what is important is that professional poverty is here, and gives every sign of being here to stay.

Moreover, expectations tend to rise. As it becomes clear that one can do well in the poverty game, the welfare rolls grow; as one does well, one seeks to do better and so the cost-per-recipient rises as benefit after benefit is added to the list of things to which recipients feel themselves entitled. Fifty years ago, minimal food and shelter were judged enough; today the poverty professionals expect television sets, automobiles, credit at department stores, Easter wardrobes. As Milton Friedman put it, when you pay people to be poor, there are going to be plenty of poor people.

As We Live and Breathe Dept.

(Excerpts from a recent speech by Professor Lawrence Lee to a social fraternity at the University of Pittsburgh.)

"You have been told, and you have come to believe, that you are the brightest of generations. . . . It would be a delusion to suppose that you and your fellows fulfill this expectation; you do not. You are, rather, one of the most self-centered, self-pitying, confused generations. . . . You have damaged institutions in many parts of the United States, not only physically but . . . [spiritually]. . . . You have permanently frustrated the lives and work of ten to twelve adults in important positions; because your generation does not wish reason, but often only the riotous self-indulgence of confrontation, ten to twelve chancellors of important universities have had to stop their life's work in mid-career. . . . The Generation Gap is one of the delusions of your generation—and to some men of my generation. . . . The only generation gap is that we have lived longer, we know more than you do from having lived, and we are so far ahead of you that it will take you a lifetime to have the same relative knowledge and wisdom. You had better learn from us while you can. Fathers should return to being fathers, families to being families; do not imagine that your children know more than you do. . . . It is not mawkish to love one's country. The country, with all of its agony and all of its faults, is still the most generous and the most open society on the earth. . . . All generations need the help of all others. Ours is asking yours to be men rather than children, before some frightened tyrant with the aid of other frightened and ignorant men seeks to make all of us slaves in reaction to your irresponsibility."

Countdown to November

John Lindsay continues to gain Democratic support. Stanley H. Lowell, Robert Wagner's campaign manager, has announced that he will work for Lindsay against Mario Procaccino, the official Democratic nominee. "He would make a great Democrat," said Lowell of Lindsay. "He would be a great Democratic candidate for the United States Senate in 1970."

Other Democrats seem to agree. Americans for Democratic Action has come out for him, and veterans of Eugene McCarthy's children's crusade have formed a "Young Democrats for Lindsay" group which intends to barnstorm the city, ringing doorbells and haranguing householders. Herman Badillo's announcement that he will not run as an Independent has strengthened Lindsay's position among liberal Democrats, and now the biggest cloud on the Mayor's horizon is the continued procrastination of Representative William F. Ryan, a Manhattan reform Democrat who makes noises about an Independent candidacy.

Republicans remain generally unsympathetic to

Lindsay, although he has won the endorsement of the Manhattan organization, a group tightly controlled by Javits-like liberals. Such defections do not please the state leadership, however. Governor Rockefeller is standing by his initial endorsement of John Marchi, and Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson says: "I feel very bad that certain leaders in the city have gone against the wishes of the Republicans who voted in the primary and instead have given their support to Mayor Lindsay." And the word is out that Lindsay can expect no more Washington patronage.

The other candidates have also begun to open up on Lindsay. John Marchi has demanded that the Mayor spell out just how far he means to go in fulfilling his promise to support Democratic candidates. And Mario Procaccino put the case succinctly when in a recent press conference he addressed his remarks directly to Lindsay. Labeling Lindsay's charges that he was defeated by "extremists" and "reactionaries," "vicious" and "false," Procaccino said: "The simple proof is that your two liberal running mates won election at the same time you suffered defeat. Mr. Lindsay, now you are trying to cover up your record . . . your 'urban party' is nothing less than an attempt to sidestep the normal political process."

Ah, Youth!

Last issue we stated that Senator Teddy Kennedy was going to address, this summer, the World Youth Congress get-together in East Berlin, and we made sundry comments on what seemed to us a most curious undertaking—the World Youth Congress having long been a notorious Communist front operating in the interest of the Kremlin.

Our little editorial was suggested initially by an item in *Frankfurter Zeitung*, one of Europe's most prestigious journals, which said that Senator K. would be at the "Weltjugendtreffen," for which we understood "World Youth Congress" to be a possible translation. Though the *Frankfurter Zeitung* referred to Liège and Brussels, we knew that the World Youth Congress was gathering at East Berlin. To verify what exactly was what, we telephoned Senator Kennedy's office and asked whether the Senator was in fact going to attend and address the World Youth Congress in East Berlin. After what we were told was a checkup on that end, and on our second call, we were told that yes, he was. It was, of course, on the basis not of the newspaper mention but of this direct statement from Senator Kennedy's office that we wrote our editorial.

After it appeared, it was questioned, so we once more called the Senator's office. This time a new spokesman explained that oh yes, the Senator was going to address the "World Youth Assembly," but, come to think of it, this was one meeting in Liège, not East Berlin. She did not seem to attach much significance to the geographical confusion. What are a few hundred miles, after all, among us youth?

READING THE ENTRAILS



THE THIRD WORLD WAR

I have often mentioned the importance I attach to the directional symbols history plants along her trail. Naturally it is easier to see and interpret—or invent—symbols from the vantage point of the accomplished future. It would be a clumsy haruspex who could not see death in the chickens' entrails when Caesar is already murdered. But I believe that often, with a certain amount of insight or luck, we can glimpse the symbols and their meaning as they appear, especially when a number of symbols form a pattern.

A few weeks ago the President of the United States, leader of the nation that is the most powerful on earth in material terms, announced that 25,000 American soldiers would be withdrawn from the active combat theater of Southeast Asia; the first contingents are already back home. This event is not of much intrinsic importance. The number is less than 5 per cent of the American troops now in South Vietnam. Still, the total had been rising for 25 years.

Which Way to the Future?

Within a year or so the U.S. will renegotiate with Japan the status of Okinawa. Since Japan's defeat, Okinawa (and other of the Ryukyu Islands) has been under U.S. jurisdiction. Okinawa is a major U.S. military base, anchor point for a great strategic arc—South Korea, Ryukyus, Taiwan, Vietnam-Thailand, backed up by bases in Japan itself and the Philippines—that covers the entire coast of mainland China. There are strategic nuclear warheads on Okinawa along with aircraft and missiles to carry them. A glance at the map will show that these warheads are within relatively short range of nearly all major Chinese and many Siberian cities.

It is known that in the new agreement on the Ryukyus, Washington will return formal jurisdiction to Japan and withdraw all nuclear weapons, and may

schedule the phasing out of all military installations. For political and geographic reasons, neither South Korea, Taiwan nor any Southeast Asian nation can be a primary strategic nuclear base. The Okinawa nuclear structure will probably have to fall back at least as far as Guam—two thousand miles farther away from the Chinese coast and cities, with all the multiplied technical problems that means. This will rupture the strategic arc.

For the past two years the U.S. Government has discouraged U.S. investment in foreign countries.

Following the *Pueblo* and EC-121M incidents, the operations of U.S. intelligence ships and aircraft have been considerably restricted.

On July 9 the President ordered a cut of 14,900 troops and 5,100 civilians stationed abroad.

A variety of explanations is given for these acts: economy, the search for peace, bolstering the dollar, appeasement of domestic discontent, unwillingness to play global policeman, removal of causes of anti-Americanism etc. The explanations are secondary. The plain fact is that each of these acts is an American withdrawal, a retreat.

Confronting these acts is another set that may also be directional symbols.

Beginning in 1967 the Soviet navy has established itself as a Mediterranean force. Some months ago the first Soviet carrier (helicopter) joined the Mediterranean fleet. Soviet naval units are regularly present in the Indian Ocean, and are currently operating off the Canadian and Florida coasts. (Although the British have announced their forthcoming retirement from East of Suez, the U.S. Navy has not formed a regular Indian Ocean unit.) The Institute for Strategic Studies, in its 1968 *Strategic Survey*, summarizes the Soviet naval development as "the process of transforming her naval forces from their traditional role as a mere adjunct to land power into an instrument for global support of Soviet interests."

Soviet intelligence ships continue operations in all waters. The Soviet merchant marine is expanding more rapidly than that of any other nation.

A few weeks ago Moscow proposed a new Asian security pact under its patronage. In the past year the Soviet airline, Aeroflot, has extended operations to almost all of Africa north of the Zambezi. For the first time sales of Soviet transport aircraft—including the supersonic TU-44—are being pushed on the international market.

In the past few months Moscow has stepped up its supply of weapons, equipment and technicians to Nigeria.

Again, the ideological accompaniment of explanation, reasons, excuses, etc. is secondary. Actually, much of the verbalization is rather isolationist and inward-looking. But the plain fact is that each of these acts is a Soviet thrust outward, an advance.

End or Beginning?

Considering the two symbol sets together suggests a further derivative. A great power cannot merely withdraw from a field in which its force has been operating, and leave that field otherwise unchanged, under the play of local influences. The withdrawal of one great power—imperial power, to be more explicit—is inevitably correlated with the advance of a rival power. This is what the doves and isolationists—the older-type conservative isolationists as well as the neo-isolationist liberals—fail to understand. The imperial power *cannot* resign; if it doesn't have what it takes, it gets fired.

Are all our symbols, then, pointing backward? Nearly all right now, save one, and that one just possibly may mean more than all the rest. Three Americans in an American craft are making the first journey to a new, this time a truly new, world. Let us pray Neil Armstrong's hand holds firm on his computers; he may have the nation's destiny with him. □

Business was late in getting into the poverty war, but some of its operations have been amazingly successful, particularly when contrasted with the heavily financed and largely ineffective federal programs

Business and Black Capitalism

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ARNOLD SALTZMAN, the President of the Seagrave Corporation, is one of those businessmen who, having made a bundle in his own world, would like to help develop "new environments" for a "New Age of Man." The rhetoric, which is taken from one of Mr. Saltzman's characteristically able speeches, could be discounted as just that, but in this particular instance we happen to be dealing with an entrepreneur who tries desperately to put his money where his mouth is. For example: by volunteering to help President Richard Nixon give solid content to glorious campaign promises about combining the power of government with that of business to create a black capitalism.

In line with his conviction that the quest for "new environments" should "originate from inside the business community, not be imposed from without," Mr. Saltzman sought to present Washington with something that could be described as being at least a semi-*fait accompli*. He set up an acronymical organization called LEAD (League for Economic American Democracy). His idea was to team six important black militants and six white industrialists in a group leadership of LEAD, with the outsize objective of persuading five hundred American corporations to lend two able technicians each to work for a year with new black enterprises. The corporations would continue to pay the salaries of the thousand technicians-on-loan; the Small Business Administration in Washington would provide seed money for new ghetto capitalists. All of this could be dream stuff at a time when the inflationary dragon has yet to be slain, but Mr. Saltzman didn't stop with a word fresco. Knowing that the Small Business Administration had \$30 million of outstanding loans, Mr. Saltzman tried to figure out a way of



turning the \$30 million into a revolving fund to be used over and over again, thus avoiding the necessity of getting anything more out of Congress. Mr. Saltzman talked things over with some of his friends in the big insurance companies, who promised him that thirty million of insurance company capital would be available to "buy" the SBA's loans. The Treasury Department assured Mr. Saltzman that the "sale" would be legal, and everything seemed set to work out a program which would send the freed SBA funds marching to the aid of black capitalism.

This was as far as Mr. Saltzman could carry things without Washington cooperation. His project, however, got lost in the bureaucratic jungle, and Mr. Saltzman has had to put his LEAD in mothballs.

As far as one can see, Mr. Saltzman's experience has been typical: bureaucracy, which has only one way of doing things, doesn't know how to work with free-wheelers. Says Whitney Young, the executive director of the Urban League: "Black capitalism is a sham-ble." In Washington the chief bureaucrats, jealous of their own prerogatives, spend a good deal of their time on in-fighting. Hilary Sandoval, the boss of

SBA, resents the very existence of the Department of Commerce's Office of Minority Business Enterprise, which has just announced that it is lending \$1 million to help black shopping centers and to back a pool which will insure Negro banks against losses on loans to new ghetto businesses. Meanwhile, New York City's Dr. Thomas Matthew, who succeeded against all the odds in starting an interfaith hospital in the borough of Queens and in creating a number of black industries to service the hospital (his NEGRO, or National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization, runs disinfectant factories and laundering among other things), finds it almost impossible to sell his own black capitalist services to the government even when he happens to be low bidder on a project. Whether it is a matter of dealing with the Pentagon, the SBA or the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), the doers in the world of promoting black capitalism are among our most frustrated citizens.

SANDOVAL in the SBA wouldn't help Saltzman (maybe, the in-basket situation being what it is, the project never reached anybody capable of a decision). Dr. Matthew, who appears to have good intelligence sources, got hold of a secret Department of Defense memo which accused him of lacking in business integrity simply because he owes income tax money to the government which he hopes to pay when he has some money. His claim is that all of his funds have been tied up in his efforts to support Negro self-help as the solution to poverty problems, and in any case, his personal involvement with the Treasury has nothing to do with NEGRO as an incorporated company. The "lack of integrity" charge

was not cited as a reason for the Pentagon's own lack of integrity in handling some of NEGRO's low bids for government contracts, but Dr. Matthew thinks there is a connection.

NEGRO thought it had it made when, as low bidder on a contract for bandoliers, it met with experts at the Frankford Arsenal who told Dr. Matthew that his company's samples were finally of a quality that the Pentagon was seeking. But the contracting officer quibbled by insisting that NEGRO purchase multi-needle sewing machines capable of sewing six seams at a time. When Dr. Matthew tried to explain that he could put more of the hard-core unemployed to work on single-needle machines and still give low-bid satisfaction, the request for the contract was turned down. Yet there was nothing in the contract itself that specified multi-needle machines. Since the confrontation with the DOD contracting officer, Dr. Matthew's company has bought a multi-needle machine; he is, as of the moment of writing, waiting to see whether this will make any difference.

DR. MATTHEW has run into more bureaucratic trouble in bids for chemical contracts: it seems that he is considered ineligible for funds because NEGRO, which happens to be something on the order of a holding company for a score of small enterprises, collectively employs more than five hundred persons. This makes NEGRO "big business." Such a judgment, so Dr. Matthew insists, penalizes NEGRO for its hard-core rehabilitation program. Prior to the requisite training and experience it takes two or three hard-core people to do the job of one regular worker. The odd thing about it is that DOD chemical contracts denied to NEGRO because SBA wouldn't certify Dr. Matthew as a "small businessman" went to the Eastman Kodak Company and the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company.

Since black capitalism gets such a poor send-off from SBA and the Pentagon, President Nixon's somewhat surprising decision to continue the Office of Economic Opportunity makes sense. But OEO still runs into trouble, even as in the days of Sargent Shriver. It picked Durham, North Carolina for a project of starting three supermarkets, a jam factory and a casket company, and proceeded to hand out \$40,000 of a promised \$900,000 to something called the Foundation for Community

Development to get the ball rolling. Everything was set to celebrate the event, which was supposed to be the dramatic kick-off of a Nixon-OEO program of lending \$10 million to minority-group businesses. But even before the jam factory had produced a single jar of jam some employees of the Foundation for Community Development were being accused of involvement in campus rioting that resulted in the death of a student and the wounding of eight policemen. The North Carolina Republican Party chairman, Jim Holshouser, has been burning up the wires to Washington to get OEO out of the business of feeding "the fires of unrest which cross North Carolina today."

Ludwig von Mises once wrote a thoughtful little book to prove that government bureaucracies can't spend money creatively. Since they are limited in what they do by the letter of the law which sets them up, they can't take many chances. Better to do nothing than to be accused of "wasting" money. When a bureaucracy does take a chance, as the OEO did in North Carolina, and the roof falls in, there is no encouragement for the bureaucrats to try and do better next time. For how, working from a base in Washington, is a bureaucrat to know whether a black power militant in North Carolina is to be trusted with public funds or not?

Then there is the curious fact that federal programs which result from different congressional acts, and with different financing, are almost never checked against each other to see if they are mutually consistent. Urban renewal programs have destroyed more black-power businesses than the SBA or the OEO will be able to create in a decade of Sundays. Jane Jacobs offers the statistic that 1,300 commercial enterprises, owned by Negroes, Puerto Ricans and other relatively poor people, were obliterated in East Harlem to make way for public housing. The East Harlem poor may now have some place to live, but they obviously haven't much to live on.

If it weren't for the allegedly hard-hearted American businessman doing something for the poor without waiting on Washington, black capitalism would be in much worse shape than happens to be the case. Business often succumbs to the blandishments of its PR men, lending the names of its leaders to letterhead promises of great things from this or that type of urban coali-

tion. But just as frequently a big company will do something to get a small black capitalist started in business without making the least attempt to get headline attention for doing it. Not so long ago the Shell Oil Company advertised what it was doing for a number of typical service station operators in various U.S. neighborhoods. The internal evidence of the advertisements pointed to possible proprietorship of some of the stations. When I called the Shell office to find out how many of the operators were Negroes, I was told that the information wasn't immediately available. Shell finally did come up with an accurate count. The significant thing about this is that Shell wasn't sufficiently race-conscious to distinguish between the Negroes and other worthy fledgling capitalists whose ancestors happened to come from Hungary and Yugoslavia, not from Africa.

The franchising business is new, and it should offer a field of great opportunity to black capitalists. There is the instance of the Mahalia Jackson Chicken Systems, Inc., of Memphis, an offshoot of Minnie Pearl's Chicken Systems, which is white-owned. Mahalia Jackson's policy is to maintain a fifty-fifty balance between the races, both in the matter of its own stock ownership and in the owner-composition of its franchises. A white man can take the initiative in applying for a Mahalia Jackson franchise, but he must come up with a Negro partner willing to put up half the money. The impulse to this sort of integrated financial partnership comes significantly from the South: there will be Mahalia Jackson outlets in Chicago, but the first franchises have gone to partnerships in Memphis, Chattanooga and Nashville, all in Tennessee.

ACCORDING TO the Chase Manhattan Bank, which takes a special interest in black employment, there are only 45,000 Negro-owned and operated businesses among the five million business enterprises in the U.S. The figure is not particularly encouraging. But Chase plans to do something about the situation. With the Bankers Trust Company and the Chemical Bank, Chase has joined with the Harlem Freedom National Bank to help support the Interracial Council for Business Opportunity in New York City. The ICBO has established a fund to absorb 50 per cent of the loss on loans made to Negro businessmen whose credit applications

it approves. Using capital raised from foundations and corporations, the ICBO Fund expects to guarantee more than a million in loans.

John Coyne reports below on private efforts to get black-run businesses into the ghettos and the hard-core unemployed out of them. □

CORPORATE INVOLVEMENT

Business to the Rescue

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

THE OLD MYTHS die slowly, especially the liberal social myths. But as the problems of the cities continue unmitigated despite massive doses of federal money and as one porkbarrel program after another collapses into corruption or inanity, defenders of the liberal mythology are hard pressed to point to any centralized federal program which has solved a single urban problem. Liberals are increasingly being forced to embrace the ultimate collectivist heresy: business, big and little, has proved itself more capable of dealing with the problems of the cities than has government. Listen, for instance, to Murray Kempton, one of the best and brightest heirs to the philosophy of the old New Deal: "Only business cares any longer . . . NAM puzzles over programs to train the poor for jobs. The life insurance industry offers a billion dollars to attack slum housing. The last refuge of the social conscience turns out to be those institutions which official liberalism has instructed us for fifty years were the most antisocial we had."

Kempton's point is well taken. For every breakdown of a flaccid federal program, there is a sometimes small but usually encouraging success in the private sector. Business assistance to the ghetto takes many forms—loans, contracts, housing renewal, training courses—both direct and indirect, but the aim of each is similar: to foster a sense of involvement in social problems among those people most involved, and by so doing to encourage ghetto dwellers to work for the betterment of their communities and the society of which these communities are a part. What business is trying to do, in short, is to help people help themselves, to teach them to rely on their own abilities rather than on the creaky federal *deus ex machina*.

The best of these private programs

always involve corporate generosity and self-help. Perhaps the single most impressive effort is the Opportunities Industrialization Center directed by the Reverend Leon Sullivan, a Philadelphia Negro minister. Sullivan mortgaged his home in order to raise the capital necessary to set the Center up in an abandoned jailhouse. The philosophy behind the Center is a simple one: Vocational education as it is formally offered today is anachronistic. Real people need real training for real jobs. "Put your machines where your mouths are," Sullivan told the business community, which was delighted to oblige. Industry supplied machines and instructors and the Opportunities Industrialization Center has thus far placed seven thousand black Philadelphians, formerly classified as "hard-core unemployables," in industrial jobs. Sullivan's program has begun to branch out across the country. In barely a year's time it has placed twenty thousand people in industry and there are approximately twenty thousand more people in training.

Sullivan soon found that he had a friend at Chase Manhattan: Recently Chase Chairman George Champion said, "Isn't it time somebody stood up and said business should participate because it's the right thing to do—the humanitarian, the moral, the Christian-like thing to do?" Champion might well have added that supporting programs such as Sullivan's makes not only moral sense but business sense. Champion now heads a National Advisory Council which provides expert advice to the Opportunities Industrialization Center. Serving on the Council with Champion are the presidents of Coca-Cola, Boeing, Scott Paper, Detroit Edison and Kaiser Industries. Chase Manhattan is deeply involved in the problems of the ghettos, searching out loan prospects in Harlem and encouraging Negro entrepreneurs.

The social concern of the banking community is not confined to giants such as Chase Manhattan, however. Smaller banks are also pitching in. Atlanta-based Citizens and Southern Bank, for instance, has set aside special funds for ghetto improvement. One million dollars is annually budgeted to finance Negro community cleanups and \$15 million is used for low-cost loans to prospective Negro businessmen. Thus far the Negro communities in such cities as Savannah, Valdosta, Albany and Atlanta have held cleanup campaigns, and the loan fund has financed Savannah's first Negro-owned used-car dealership, as well as small businesses in several Georgia communities.

Life insurance executives have joined bankers in attempting to solve pressing urban problems. The Institute of Life Insurance, comprising most important insurance companies, pledged a billion dollars for investing in housing and projects to encourage inner-city employment, and has now pledged a second billion. Among the individual companies, Aetna has "adopted" a Hartford ghetto high school, and John Hancock has made available to black entrepreneurs a "skills bank" of financial experts who give business advice at minimal cost and has helped to fund a bank in the black section of Roxbury, Mass.

MANY LARGE CORPORATIONS have opened affiliate plants in black neighborhoods. In 1968, for instance, the Systems Manufacturing Division of IBM set up a branch in Bedford-Stuyvesant, a predominantly black section in Brooklyn. The branch started with cable production, the finished products being shipped to the parent plants in upstate New York. Within a few months the affiliate plant had demonstrated its ability to meet IBM's stringent quality requirements and began to ship directly to customers. It was soon awarded a second product mission, the manufacture of power supplies for IBM machines.

Some companies have set up special training centers and programs. Western Electric operates a plant in Newark which provides remedial programs for unskilled black people, and moves the trainees into other New Jersey plants when they complete the programs. RCA offers machine-shop courses to disadvantaged ghetto dwellers and, in its Marion, Indiana plant, hires public

school teachers to give courses to off-shift workers. Thus, undereducated employees are able to earn high school diplomas on the job. General Electric has developed a curriculum for use in high schools which teaches basic electrical and electronic skills, and GE appliance dealers supplement the instruction by offering after-school, on-the-job training in their shops. Consolidated Edison also makes part-time jobs available to those ghetto youngsters who will pledge to stay in school.

THE AUTO INDUSTRY has launched a crash program to provide jobs. Last year General Motors set itself the goal of approximating in its 120 plants the ratio of Negroes to whites in the overall population. It has already surpassed the initial goal. During one six-month period of 1968 alone, GM hired 15,446 "hard-core unemployables," most of whom are still on the job. GM intends to continue its program. Ford and Chrysler are entering the field.

The food industry has similarly stepped up employment programs, and Safeway recently made West Coast headlines when it stepped in to save a San Francisco Negro cooperative from collapsing. Safeway also sets aside a portion of its purchasing budget to buy vegetables from Southern black truck farmers. And in Chicago, Swift is subsidizing Negro-owned snack shops. Other corporate endeavors involving well-known companies include Xerox-subsidized Fighton in Rochester, New York, and Eastman Kodak's special training program in the same geographic area. Few companies have yet matched RCA's total involvement, however: in Camden, New Jersey it buys up vacant houses, remodels them, and sells them at soft rates to families with poverty-level incomes.

In addition to individual corporate efforts, much assistance to the ghettos comes from organizations of business leaders. The National Alliance of Businessmen, founded in 1968 with Henry Ford II as chairman, uses its connections in the business world to meet a self-imposed goal of producing a half-million jobs for the black community by 1971. Now in the second year of its Job Opportunities Program, it has so far found work for nearly 100,000 ghetto dwellers. The National Urban Coalition has taken on the same sort of task, while an organization called Capital Formation, Inc. is attempting a different approach by working with



the Small Business Administration and banks to generate loans to black and Puerto Rican businessmen who in turn hire workers from their own communities. From October 1, 1968 to June 1, 1969, Capital Formation submitted \$2,850,000 worth of loan applications to banks and the SBA. This total represents an average loan of \$18,660 to several hundred black and Puerto Rican companies.

Capital Formation is especially interested at present in publicizing the SBA's 502 program, under which the agency will provide 90 per cent of the cost of financing a small business if the remaining 10 per cent is put up by a local development corporation. Amazingly enough, Capital points out, the program, in existence since 1958, has thus far been utilized only three times.

The average minority-owned business, it points out, seldom employs more than three people or grosses more than \$150,000. Capital will continue to assist such businesses, but hopes also to help with more substantial endeavors. At present the organization is negotiating with General Motors and Volkswagen to establish car dealerships and with Consolidated Laundries for black-owned Harlem routes.

The picture is not all sunshine and roses, of course, and some people have expressed doubts about the ultimate success of corporate attempts to rehabilitate the ghettos. The Center for Manpower Policy Studies at George Washington University, for instance, has issued a study which finds many such programs unsuccessful. The most significant example cited is the Aerojet-General plant in Watts, set up in 1966 to make tents. "Despite a \$1,300 per man training subsidy from the Labor Department and \$1.5 million in Department of Defense contracts, Aero-

jet has lost several hundred thousand dollars. Recent attempts to diversify have been unsuccessful and the work force has been cut from 500 to 300," the report states. One suspects that part of the reason for the failure may be less the fault of Aerojet itself, however, than of the effect of federal involvement on motivation, for the same report points out that IBM's Bedford-Stuyvesant, set up under a similar plan, fared a great deal better. And no federal money was involved.

Other disappointments have been registered by other companies which have plunged deeply into the fight to save the ghettos. And such disappointments are understandable, for corporations are, after all, responsible to their stockholders, for whom they must make a profit. But it is much too early to bring in anything approaching a final verdict. Most of the important corporate programs are less than three years old and many are still in the remedial training stage. They must be expected to run in the red for several more years at least. Whether they will be ultimately successful will depend greatly on the continued enthusiastic interest of the corporations involved, an interest, one hopes, which will be heartily encouraged in the form of tax incentives and other such emoluments from the Federal Government. And while it may be too early to render a final decision, it is not too early to suggest that perhaps these and other privately-financed schemes to provide jobs and to help elevate the ghettos are by and large more successful than their government counterparts. It is easier for a private concern that operates with an eye on the balance sheet to shut down a bankrupt operation than it is for the government to dismantle an entrenched bureaucracy. □

PERHAPS the most widely quoted expert on the antiballistic missile system is Jerome B. Wiesner. Quoted, that is, by ABM opponents. And who, you ask, is Jerome B.?

From the 1968 *Who's Who in America*:

Wiesner, Jerome B(ert), communications engineer, educator; b. Detroit, May 30, 1915; B.S. University of Michigan, 1937; M.S., 1940; Ph.D., 1950. Staff Massachusetts Institute of Technology Radiation Laboratory, 1942-1945; staff University of California Los Alamos Laboratory, 1945-1946; member faculty Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1946; Professor of Electrical Engineering since 1950; Associate Director of Research Laboratory of Electronics, 1949-52; Dean of Science, 1964-66; Acting Dean of Science, Provost 1966; Special Assistant President Kennedy on Science and Technology 1961-64.

Pretty impressive?

So let's see how he shapes up as an expert.

Item one is a bit tricky to follow, but it's worth trying. On June 3, 1969 a two-page ad appeared in the *Washington Post* and a number of other newspapers. It was a rather expensive pitch for a book on the ABM, or rather against the ABM, one part of which was entitled "ABM Deployment: What's Wrong with It?" co-written by Abram Chayes, a former legal adviser to the Department of State, and Jerome B. Wiesner.

The ad said in part: "When did we stop believing we could be safe in fallout shelters? We were all taken in, for an instant anyway. It was a mass delusion, but we wanted to believe we could still do *something*. Remember? Well, now, what do you think about the ABM?"

And then the surprising happened. The *Washington Post*, which can hardly be described as part of the right-wing, reactionary, military-industrial complex ran an editorial on June 6, entitled "What's in an Ad?" The editorial said (again in part):

The text reminds us of how we were all once led by the "experts" to believe in the efficacy of civil defense. . . . But we also remember that among the "experts" intimately involved in the civil defense hijinks of the early nineteen sixties were any number of the experts Harper and Row is now asking us to believe on the inefficacy of the ABM—Jerome Wiesner, a veteran of the Gaither Committee which recommended a costly civil-defense effort.

SPECIAL REPORT

The Expertise of Dr. Wiesner

YALE EWING

But, you say, "the guy made a mistake. We all do." Have another quote, this one from a report of the American Security Council, May 1969, "The ABM and the Changed Strategic Military Balance—U.S.A. v. USSR":

The Soviets are developing a comprehensive civil-defense program. The Soviets are spending about ten times as much effort as is the United States in providing the Soviet society an adequate civil defense. Moreover, civil defense in the Soviet Union is related directly to over-all Soviet military strategy. . . .

While the Soviet civil-defense program represents a massive effort, it is not a crash program; its strength is cumulative, resulting from a steady attempt to expand and upgrade every facet since its inception, in its present form, in the early 1950s.

The basic [objective] of the program [is] to safeguard the population from nuclear, chemical and bacteriological weapons. . . . More specifically, protection of the population is achieved by building shelters. . . .

So now what have we got? a) Either Wiesner was right in advising President Kennedy on civil defense or b) he is right today in lending his name to an ad sneering at bomb shelters—and at his own earlier advice—or c) the Russians are crackers.

ITEM TWO; 1963. The United States and Russia had been negotiating for months on a nuclear test-ban treaty. The U.S. originally insisted on unlimited on-site inspection. But by February 1963, the U.S. scaled its demands down to seven sites. Russia refused, but said it might agree to two or three. In June, President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev agreed to hold test-ban negotiations in Moscow. Technical adviser to the American delegation was Jerome B. Wiesner.

Headline: *New York Times*, June 28, 1963: "HINTS BY MOSCOW RAISE U.S. HOPES ON ATOM TEST BAN—WASHINGTON RECEIVES SIGNS SOVIET MAY STAND BY OFFER TO THREE INSPECTIONS A YEAR."

On August 6, the nuclear test-ban treaty was signed. Number of on-site inspections—none.

Now let us take a great leap forward. Five years.

Reader's Digest, February, 1968, page 54. "The Threat of Russia's Rising Strategic Power" by John G. Hubbell.

In 1962 the United States had the capability of delivering two-and-a-half to ten times as much nuclear firepower as the Soviet Union. By 1967, the estimate was that the Soviets had drawn roughly equal to us, possibly even ahead in terms of deliverable megatonnage, that is, the explosive power of the warheads. Present indications are that the Soviets, with their larger rockets and more powerful warheads, will have a clear lead by 1969, and will open a massive gap by 1971 which will be almost exactly the reverse of what it was in 1962, when our strategic supremacy was such that the Soviets had no choice but to accede to our demands during the Cuban missile crisis. . . .

In entering into the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty barring all above-ground nuclear testing, still hailed by Administration officials as the greatest step yet toward ending the cold war, the United States took what many knowledgeable men regard as a dangerous calculated risk. The Soviets decided to sign the treaty, which permits no on-site inspection, only after completing their 1961-1962 test series, the most extensive and sophisticated ever. In this series they surged far ahead of us in very-high-yield nuclear weapons technology; thus the treaty served to safeguard their lead.

Item three: In 1965 Wiesner was Dean, School of Science, MIT. There was a White House Conference on International Cooperation by a National Citizens Commission. One of the recommendations was:

We urge both the United States and the Soviet Union to agree—explicitly or tacitly—to a moratorium of at least three years on new deployment (but not on the unverifiable research and development) of systems for ballistic-missile defense. While the ostensible purpose of the immediate deployment of ABM defenses (at least in the United States)

(Continues on page 765)

I, Charles, Prince of Wales . . .

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

IN THIS AGE of flights to the moon and heart transplants," I was asked in a broadcast discussion the other day, "is there really a place for the monarchy?" The question struck me as epitomizing one of our main contemporary fallacies—the equation of leftward politics with scientific progress. I replied that if there were any living creatures on the moon, they would be much more likely to have a monarchy than a parliamentary democracy.

The subject arose because in Britain this has been the most royalist summer since Coronation Year.

The climax, of course, was the Investiture of the Prince of Wales; the moment when the young Prince knelt before his mother in the middle of Caernarvon Castle (which looked incredibly like a set from *Camelot*), received from her the sword and scepter, the orb and the crown, and gave in return the ancient oath of fealty: "I, Charles, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk."

I found this moment genuinely, perhaps surprisingly, moving. One knew—indeed he had told us so himself in a television interview the week before—that, though others might regard it merely as a spectacle to be gawped or giggled at, he was in earnest. Here was the living explanation of a kind of loyalty which runs, like a purple thread, through history, but has become so unfashionable as to be hardly understood by many people today.

Considered purely as entertainment, all state ceremonies tend to be rather slow. For instance, when the Queen commanded the Garter King of Arms to summon the Prince from his chamber, Sir Anthony Wagner didn't exactly rush to obey. On the contrary, he processed at tortoise-rate. Nevertheless, the whole occasion made a very popular television show with an estimated worldwide audience of 500 million viewers.

It illustrated again how television it-

self is coming to dominate the events being televised. In 1911, when the future King Edward VIII was invested, eleven thousand guests were present in the same courtyard, but the actual ceremony took place in a tent where no more than a few dozen people could see what was going on. This time, only four thousand were invited and the thrones were placed beneath a perspex canopy—the point of the changes being to give the television cameras full access and the best possible sight-lines. The landscape gardener responsible for the turf in and around the Castle had to bring in fifty tons of the stuff, all of an exactly uniform green so that the surroundings should look perfect on color television.

The Duke of Norfolk, who, as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, has been in charge of every major state occasion since, and including, the coronation of King George VI, first caught the public imagination at the time of Sir Winston Churchill's funeral. His annual stipend is £20 (about \$56); the Earl Marshal hasn't had a raise for 486 years. But he deserves comparison with the late Florenz Ziegfeld, though he regards himself less as a producer than as a re-producer, making sure that everything is done according to the prescription of history.

The Investiture came after a succession of carefully calculated public interviews and television programs, handled with great charm by the Royal Family and with a discreet but very shrewd sense of public relations by their advisers. The dividing line between popularization and vulgarization might easily have been crossed—but was not.

The hundred-minute documentary showing the Queen and her relations and staff engaged in "the family business"—a business, we were told, which goes back to the grandfather of Alfred the Great—was an immense success. The only person in it who did not appear to advantage was the new American ambassador. He was seen trying to make conversation after pre-

sending his credentials and became embarrassingly, verbosely, tongue-tied. Where was he living, the Queen asked. "In the embassy," he said, "subject, of course, to some discomfiture as a result of a need for elements of refurbishment." In other words he'd got the decorators in.

The commentary argued ingeniously that the monarchy is a final bulwark of freedom, "not in the power it gives the Sovereign"—which is practically nil—"but in the power it denies anyone else." This theory may be a trifle optimistic. Lacking a written constitution, Britain has all too few curbs on a tyrannically inclined government. But the Queen could, in emergency, act as a warning bell and her existence does have a certain civilizing effect on the politicians.

PRINCE PHILIP agreed, a few months ago, that interest in the Royal Family had declined and attributed this to the fact that he and the Queen were now middle-aged. But the spotlight has swung to Prince Charles and interest has revived accordingly. The mood is almost that of a song popular forty years ago, "I danced with a man who danced with a girl who danced with the Prince of Wales." And indeed it is pleasant and salutary to be shown (even though we know the picture is, to some extent, artificial) a family where there is no generation gap, no failure of communication, no surliness, no revolt, a family whose members actually seem to like and talk to each other and who accept, without question, the duties of the family business.

One could scarcely exaggerate the degree to which Britain's political leaders are now discredited both at home and abroad. The government, having behaved idiotically over Anguilla and spitefully over Rhodesia, having opened a Pandora's box of economic troubles and surrendered cravenly in a confrontation with the labor unions, is currently engaged in a gerrymandering exercise to try and squeeze some little advantage out of the election laws.

This royal summer has had real value, therefore, as a reminder needed not least by the British people themselves, of the stability and dignity, the essential decency of British institutions; a reminder that there may still be in government an element beyond, and better than, party politicians. □

CHETSKY: Good evening from the Soviet Broadcasting System. Here is the news.

The Korean crisis continues. In his news conference yesterday President Brezhnev protested the incident last week in which South Korean pilots flying U.S. Sabre jets shot down a Russian spy plane over the Sea of Japan. American vessels aided in the search for survivors, and the commander of one American ship reportedly radioed his condolences. We switch now to our Red Army correspondent, George Popov.

POPOV: The idea being bandied about that South Korea is a "fourth-rate military power" is simply not true. Any attempt to retaliate against one of her bases would have cost many Russian lives. In addition, authorities say a military reprisal would have reopened the Korean War. Since Soviet ships and planes are gathering electronic data all around the world all the time, if we reacted every time one of them got into trouble, we'd be getting into wars all over the place.

Sources here say the time is past when a nation like the USSR can push smaller nations around militarily. Instead of trying to police the world, they say, the Soviet Union must realize that her position in the world is determined not by tanks and missiles but by the quality of the society we establish right here at home. Under these circumstances, any further spy flights near South Korea would obviously be foolhardy.

Davidov?

DAVIDOV: Foreign diplomats here have expressed relief that President Brezhnev has not taken any irretrievable escalation that might imperil the efforts to reach a détente with the United States. There was some unease at first over attempts by a Georgian member of the Presidium to draw an analogy between this incident and the capture last January of the Red Navy spyship, the *Troika*.

Typical comments from around the Kremlin have been remarkably free of demagoguery. Privately, government spokesmen say they are worried that the head of the Remember the *Troika* Committee might try to make this incident an emotional issue that could contribute to cold war hysteria. Foreign Minister Givinsky said in a speech yesterday: "Weak nations may act rashly, but strong nations have to put up with it." Comrade Fullonov, who has been conducting public hearings in

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The Chetsky-Davidov Report

JEAN JEFFRIES

an attempt to halt the Russian deployment of antiballistic missiles, told reporters: "These flights are obviously provocative and of doubtful value. And if the people of South Korea want to liberate the North and reunite their country by force, who are we to pass moral judgment? Asia for the Asians." Chetsky?

CHETSKY: There have been reports that extreme right-wing North Korean students staged a demonstration demanding an immediate reprisal against South Korea. Unfortunately, no SBS cameraman was on hand to record this event. However, we were able to obtain film of a rally in Tokyo by liberals demanding that the USSR get its fleet out of the Sea of Japan.

Meanwhile, student unrest continues. Four members of the Bolshoi Free

Soviet Broadcasting System will present a special on college disorders tonight entitled, "Police State Repression—How Long Can It Continue?"

IN CANADA TODAY, the followers of ousted Premier Trudeau suffered another setback when the new American-backed Premier announced that press censorship would be reinstated and that any criticism of the United States or NATO would be handled "with utmost severity."

Davidov?

DAVIDOV: There has been a lot of criticism of the official version of the attempted assassination of a Soviet official during a motorcade in Red Square last winter. A new book, *Rush to Whitewash*, has now advanced the theory that the would-be assassin was part of a Communist conspiracy involving fanatical members of the Soviet intelligence service. Harvey Harvenov, President of the Institute for Political Alternatives* and general all-round malcontent, comments:

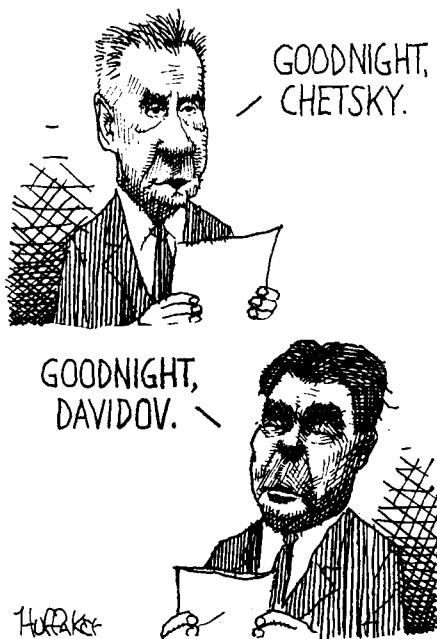
Professor HARVENOV: Although the thesis of *Rush to Whitewash* is plausible (certainly our military hierarchy is riddled with lunatics), to assign the guilt to the man or men who actually pulled the trigger is simplistic. For in a real sense we are all guilty. Ours is a sick society with a long tradition of violence, from the days of the Boyars and Ivan the Terrible down through the Cossacks and the bloody Stalin purges to the present day. Today the Soviet government ruthlessly suppresses any citizen who dares criticize its policies. Dissenters have no means to influence the decision-making processes that affect their lives. Since this stinking, rotten system can't reform itself, the only answer is constructive violence. The Soviet Union was born in revolution. It can be replaced by a new revolution.

DAVIDOV: Good night, Chetsky.

CHETSKY: Good night, Davidov.

DAVIDOV: And good night from SBS News. □

*tax-exempt



Speech Now Committee ran naked through the GUM Department Store shouting "Give Us Liberty or Give Us Death!" In another peaceful demonstration, thousands of young people carrying American flags and pictures of George Washington stormed the Kremlin today shouting "Get Out of Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Nigeria, Cuba, Latvia, Bulgaria, etc., etc." and "Ky and Thieu, We're with You!" The

On Leaving the Herd

JOHN BRAINE

IN MANY WAYS changing from socialist to conservative makes no difference at all to one's way of living. The general public—or at least that small portion of it which reads my books—is profoundly incurious about authors' politics.

Quite certainly—though I don't care to go into the details of my personal finances—the change hasn't made me any richer. No grateful capitalists have sent me gold cufflinks and boxes of cigars as tokens of their esteem, the doors of Society have not swung open for me. I have been offered no directorships or safe Tory seats. I never seriously expected or desired any of these things; but it's part of socialist mythology that upon those whom they call renegades glittering gifts are invariably heaped.

Almost the exact opposite is the case. The Socialist Establishment is so firmly in control of the mass media, in England as in the United States, that any professional writer who has publicly rejected socialism will almost inevitably suffer for it. I don't repine about this; the intellectual freedom which I now enjoy is so intoxicating that I'm willing to pay any price for it. But when addressing myself to the young I do warn them that the door to advancement isn't the one labeled Right, that if they want the chance of power, riches and prestige, they must take every opportunity to declare their allegiance to the Establishment. To adapt the old saying, he who is not a socialist at twenty has no head.

A recent example from the world of TV will illustrate my point. The commentary of Mr. David Dimbelby upon the official reception of President Nixon at London Airport was markedly disrespectful. The whole event, Mr. Dimbelby implied, was a bore and a waste of time, cunningly engineered by public relations officers; President Nixon wasn't really big enough for his position, he was a President for all seasons,* and so on.

There was a protest from the British

* A phrase now as trendy as *No man is an Island* used to be.

government, and I believe there was some sort of reproof from the BBC. The general consensus, however, was that Mr. Dimbelby had struck a blow for brighter TV and against pretentiousness and pomposity and high level insincerity, that he was, in fact, a bit of a rebel. What no one saw was that Mr. Dimbelby was merely seizing the opportunity to declare his conformity.

For Mr. Dimbelby is a Leftie (and, running true to type, is very rich). And Mr. Nixon, perhaps even more than Governor Wallace or Senator Goldwater, is anathema to the Left. It isn't just that he won and that their man (give or take an item of ideology here and there) lost. Mr. Dimbelby wouldn't have been disrespectful towards President Rockefeller. Mr. Nixon is hated, deeply, virulently, passionately by the Left, English and American, because he was instrumental in exposing the traitor Alger Hiss; because, in short, he committed the supreme offense of serving his country well.

The description of Mr. Nixon as a President for all seasons is truer than Mr. Dimbelby knows; for if St. Thomas More, the originator of the phrase, in his capacity of Lord Chancellor, had discovered a government servant acting as an enemy agent, he would not have had one moment's doubt as to what action to take. This gentlest and kindest of men would personally have conducted the investigation, would personally and without wincing have sent the traitor to a ghastly death. St. Thomas was executed because he would not give to Caesar what was God's; but he never failed to give to Caesar what was Caesar's.

I mention this because there is a very real danger that figures like St. Thomas can be used by the Left. One of the bonuses of not belonging to the Left any longer is that one can see the past more clearly.

What isn't instantly apparent is why the Left hates Mr. Nixon for having done his patriotic duty. It's very easy to say that the Left hates him mainly because the Left is full of Communists and fellow travelers; but why should

someone like Mr. Dimbelby, who is emphatically neither a Communist nor fellow traveler, share this hatred?

The answer is, as James Burnham has once and for all pointed out in his *Suicide of the West*, that the essence of leftism is the absolute conformity to a fixed set of propositions. One of these propositions is that a discredited (even before his death) demagogue called Joe McCarthy was the most evil man since Hitler. It follows from this that anyone who has been actively and effectively anti-Communist is tarred with the same brush.

Mr. Dimbelby is a Leftie and therefore believes this. How do I know he's a Leftie? Because in a broadcast about municipal housing he stated that private house owners buying their houses on mortgage were, by reason of the tax relief given on their repayments, being subsidized by the state.

I WON'T COMMENT UPON this grotesque economic misconception here; what interested me about the broadcast was that, this being one of the Left's articles of faith, I could predict Mr. Dimbelby's opinions about any other subject, from apartheid to aid for underdeveloped countries. This gave me a sense of great power, and in a sense it was an answer to the novelist's prayer—in certain respects one was given a great deal of knowledge about other human beings.

Eventually I have become an expert Leftie-spotter. One sentence, sometimes one word, is sufficient for me to identify a Leftie and forecast his argument. One can receive shocks which momentarily deprive one of the power of speech. Once, for instance, a very well-known Leftie, when I had said that, despite apartheid, I'd rather be a Bantu in South Africa than an Ibo in Nigeria, replied that the atrocities in Nigeria were emotional and unplanned, whereas apartheid was cold and deliberate and inhuman, and therefore not only more immoral but harder to bear.

I remember the sensation of coming into contact with a being of a different species—or perhaps one of the androids of science fiction, human in appearance but all metal and plastic within. I replied that whilst I didn't approve of apartheid, I should more easily bear having to drive a second-hand car, being confined to weak beer for a drink, and having to use restricted lavatories than I should dying slowly on the impalement stake with the corpses of my wife and children around me. But it

took me a full minute to recover my wits; a period of silence which doesn't matter in ordinary conversation but which would have mattered very much on the debating platform or on TV.

What I was suffering from was a sense of isolation. I was sustained when rejecting socialism by the knowledge that my thoughts had become my own, that I was now impelled only by a desire to discover the truth. As a socialist my only concern had been to discover answers which would fit into socialist ideology, irrespective of the facts. Now it was the facts which I had to care about, particularly when these facts related to human suffering.

I SHOULD LIKE to be able to say that now everything is clear to me, that I have all the answers, that there's a right-wing solution for every left-wing solution. The trouble is that more often than not the most one can say is that a course of action exists which will mean less suffering—less suffering, that is, not immediately but eventually. There is little that can be done, for instance, to make life more bearable for the million refugees from North Vietnam now in the South. But if the U.S. pulls out of Vietnam, their suffering will be immeasurably greater.

How bleak this sounds! Intellectually, the Left, in the West at any rate, lives in a skyscraper fortress, sealed off almost hermetically from reality. Its ideology is simultaneously a vast computer with an answer for everything at the touch of a button, and a superbly efficient central heating system. It's warm and cozy in the fortress, and there's plenty of company—two generations of Western intellectuals, in fact. And it's cold and lonely outside, a landscape where, as in C. S. Lewis' fairy story, it's always winter but never Christmas.

But less lonely than it was. And here I must be careful. There are no signs of the hold of the Left over British intellectuals being broken. The Left still has almost complete control of the mass media. It isn't absolutely certain that the Conservative Party will win the next General Election, and if it does it will be because of the Labor Party's deficiencies. And even then the Left Establishment will remain in power.

Having said that, the weekly luncheon at Bertorelli's in Soho remains. It isn't a formal organization with a name

and officers and membership dues, it has no agenda or attendance rules, it organizes no demonstrations or mass meetings. There is no uniformity of opinion among its members—except that they're anti-Left—and politics is far from being the sole topic of conversation. It isn't a secret conspiratorial organization, though it has no desire for publicity either. I should not in fact write about it at all if its existence hadn't been noted in the *New Statesman* with some disapproval. (To be disapproved of by the *New Statesman* is, of course, a kind of honor.) The general implication of the article was that these gatherings boded no good and the intention of those taking part was to improperly influence the course of events.

I can't myself go to Bertorelli's as often as I would like, but for some three years now these luncheons have been important to me. A professional novelist necessarily spends most of his working life in solitude. He doesn't need any more solitude. But until I knew of the existence of the Bertorelli group, I had a double dose of it. I was, I hope, strong enough to bear it: but the danger of such a state is that one believes oneself to be the only person in the world who isn't left-wing, that there's a real danger, not only of intellectual arrogance but, close on its heels, a despairing apathy.

From that the company of people better informed, more articulate and more mentally agile than myself saved me. Membership in the local Conservative Party and Monday Club served a

different purpose. They were the army and the regiment. The metaphor isn't strictly accurate, the Monday Club not being officially part of the Conservative Party, but a group of Conservatives sharing a distaste for consensus politics. And yet in the wider sense it is accurate: There is a war on, and there has been since the Russian Revolution of 1917. With reluctance I write the words which have so often been written before: the aim of Communism is world domination. I wish there were a more arresting way to put it; but to try to be clever here would be to run the danger of obscuring the issue. When there is a war on, you don't wait until the armed forces of your country are in your opinion completely efficient. The Conservative Party is fighting the enemy, and that's all that matters.

My dislike of politics has grown with the years. I have been more and more taken over by my job as I have grown older and the job has grown more difficult, not from lack of material but from excess of it. My work would be enough in itself to fill up my entire life; but I have a wife and children, there are people I want to meet, countries I want to visit, there are plays and pictures and books—as I grow older there is abounding more of what I want and less time to enjoy it in. And, keenest of all, there's the pleasure of simply *being*, of quietly moving slowly into the still center. The sterile flurry, the choking dryness of politics isn't an atmosphere in which my spirit flourishes.

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"I'm sending you to a diagnostician, who will determine whether you need a neurologist or a dermatologist."

AS NEW YORK GOES...?



PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

The more one examines the portents of the June primary in New York City, the more significant they become. The most dramatic aspect, of course, is the repudiation of the golden-haired hero of liberal Republicanism by the Republican electorate. John Marchi's defeat of the eidolon of liberalism in the most liberal city in the United States should, whatever the outcome of the general election in November, write *finis* to Lindsay's rarefied ambitions for high political office. Repudiated by his own party in his own political base, conducting a campaign against the nominee of his own party, endorsing Democratic candidates against other nominees of his own party, Lindsay is most unlikely, even in these loose times, ever to receive that party's nomination for higher office.

Important as is the reduction of John Lindsay, however, the portents of the New York primary are much more far-reaching. The Democratic primary also has to be taken into account. Here by far the most conservative of the candidates, a candidate emphasizing above all law and order—Mario Procaccino—was the victor. But, as Joseph Alsop alone among commentators has realized, Robert Wagner's vote too—the second candidate—was “at least 90 per cent anti-Lindsay and antiliberal.” Take the Marchi vote, the Procaccino vote, 90 per cent of the Wagner vote; put it up against the vote for all the liberal candidates, Republican and Democratic; and, as Mr. Alsop writes, “you have a proportion of close to six-to-four, with the six on the antiliberal side of the balance.”

With this taking place in New York, what about the rest of the country? We have a partial answer from Denver, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and Buffalo. We are, I suspect, approaching the critical point of a massive shift of the electorate, akin to that of the early Thirties, but in the opposite direction.

Some of us—I would associate myself here with William A. Rusher and M. Stanton Evans, among others—have for some time now been predicting such a massive shift. The rationale for those predictions has generally been stated demographically in terms of a double development: the transfer of political power nationally from the East to the West, the South and the Southwest, and locally from the inner cities, which dominated the politics of the New Deal era and its aftermath, to the suburbs. Underlying these demographic considerations, however, is a fundamental social change in America which has taken place over the past 25 years and which is of an ultimate significance going far beyond the black and student melodrama to which the media devote their almost exclusive political attention. This is the transformation of the great majority of the country—those who produce and, by producing, have achieved a stake in the country—into a coherent body, long suffering, but with fundamental interests they are finally beginning to recognize politically.

As I wrote a year ago: “The central social fact in America in the years since World War II is that formerly disparate classes are cohering into a homogeneous body that incorporates three-fourths or more of the population. Cutting across and eliminating former regional differences, uniting to a very considerable degree the interests of country and suburb, town and city, this body includes office worker, service worker and industrial worker, farmer and small owner, technician and salaried executive, in a mode of life varying widely in detail but giving birth to broadly similar attitudes and aspirations.”

It is this majority that has been emerging slowly and hesitantly in the past few years. Deep social forces do not quickly express themselves politically, and the fashion-ridden custodians of communication can be relied on to miss everything but the flamboyant

surface. Among the columnists I have read, only Joseph Alsop—and Pete Hamill of the *Village Voice* in his own way—seems to be sensitive to the gathering seismic forces. Indeed, the main journalistic reaction to the Marchi victory has been, after momentary shock, to try to write it off as a minor spasm in New York's minority party. Perhaps the November election will bring the pundits to their senses.

Not that Marchi has an easy road. Until Procaccino begins his inevitable slide to the left as a Democratic candidate, Lindsay is in the position of being one liberal against two conservatives—an excellent position from which to slip through to victory with a minority of the votes. The entry of an independent left-wing Democrat into the race, which is still possible, would help immensely. But the major demonstration has already been made in the results of the Republican and Democratic primaries. Marchi's victory in November would be an event of shattering import; but in any case the Republican Party in New York will never be the same.

A VERY HIGHLY PLACED Republican said recently, after the New York primary, that Charles Goodell, epitome of liberalism in the United States Senate, did not have the support of a single county leader for renomination. And while he and Senator Javits are supporting Lindsay against their own party, it is highly significant that Governor Rockefeller has endorsed Marchi and that his lieutenant governor, Malcolm Wilson, will stump the city for Marchi.

Something was bound to change after James Buckley amassed over a million votes for the Senate on the Conservative Party ticket. The Marchi victory has pressed the situation a stage further forward. “New York,” the old saying goes, “is not America.” True enough. But if these things can happen even in New York, what can we expect of America in the years ahead? □

SCHOOLS AND MORAL INSTRUCTION



FROM THE ACADEMY

Alas and lackaday, ritualistic liberals: moral instruction rears its head again in the schools! And California, as in many matters, leads the way.

In May, the California State Board of Education, without a dissenting vote, accepted a report entitled *Guidelines for Moral Instruction in California Schools*. The author was Dr. Edwin Klotz, of the California State Department of Education; and this document, however much it may be modified or supplemented in times to come, points the way to a profound change of attitude in such matters by the American public, boards of education and teachers. (Copies may be obtained from the California State Department of Public Instruction, Sacramento.)

California's *Guidelines* is a sober document declaring the inescapable responsibility of the state, in its system of public instruction, for normative education: that is, teaching of what T. S. Eliot called "the permanent things," the first principles of order in the soul, without which there can be no order in the state.

Other states are scurrying to emulate California. In Michigan, last year—at the urging of the state's Department of Public Instruction and of various devotees of sexology—the legislature passed an act requiring public schools to offer specific programs of "sex education." But this June, after unpleasant experience of educationist sexperts à la Kinsey, the Michigan legislature adopted a resolution of a contrary character. Public schools now are urged *not* to offer specific courses about sexual behavior, at least until careful rules and guidelines can be drawn up by competent authorities. We are back at the ineluctable fact: sexual relationships are moral relationships, and cannot be discussed intelligently without first building a foundation of moral principle transcending mere "do-it-yourself" information.

Dr. Klotz's *Guidelines* employs concepts and language too little known within public schools in this century. There is a six-page discussion of "Morality and the Natural Law Tradition," with citations from John Adams, Aristotle, Coke, Blackstone and Cicero. Eleven pages are devoted to "Morality and the Religious Tradition." Secular humanism (John Dewey's pseudo-humanism, of course, not humane studies) receives a 32-page drubbing in the section called "Morality and the Challenge of Secular Humanism." Finally, it is affirmed (with much supporting evidence) that we can and should, in the public schools, teach about religion.

California's public schools are not required to comply with the recommendations of *Guidelines*, but doubtless the document will exercise considerable influence. Other states and school districts looking for some key to the question of moral instruction may profit by examination of this pioneering study.

Not one member of California's Board of Education raised any objection to this document. But it was far otherwise with a very different set of guidelines presented by the Michigan Department of Education to the Michigan State Board of Education, some weeks after the adoption of the Californian *Guidelines*.

In Michigan, the state superintendent of public instruction is an arbitrary educationist of a breed all too familiar, one Dr. Ira Polley. Among other things, Polley is an enthusiast for "sex education," à la SIECUS and other rather kooky "secular humanist" outfits. But Dr. Polley certainly doesn't have Michigan's Board of Education on his side.

For the bureaucrats of Michigan's Department of Education presented to the Board a massive document intended to establish guidelines for conduct by students in public schools. The Board—particularly Mr. James F. O'Neil, the treasurer—smote these permissivist guidelines hip and thigh. The author of this document, Mr. O'Neil declared,

should receive "the Big Brother Award for 1969." He was referring to one phrase in the draft which declared that "public education is a primary and distinctive function of the state." Parents are the real educators, said O'Neil.

Back of the Michigan Board's rejection of these guidelines on conduct, it appears, was an awareness that the officials of the Michigan Department of Education have no moral basis for their recommendations about students' manners and mores. "Where we have spared the rod," said Mr. James O'Neil, "some have picked it up and are whaling the daylight out of us."

In Michigan, as in California, the sinister silliness of much "sex education" and virtually all "sensitivity training" has roused a storm. The large majority of legislators and of school-board members is becoming aware that these educationist oddities are bound up with a "New Morality" and a pseudo-religion, hostile to Christianity, Judaism and the Perennial Philosophy.

IN HIS REMARKS ON "Humanism and 'Sex Education'" and on "Humanism and the Behaviorists," Klotz includes a good deal of information that will open eyes. In consequence of information accumulated by the California State Board of Education about SIECUS (the Sex Information Educational Council of the United States—which, despite its name, has no connection with any governmental body), the State Board resolved formally that SIECUS-materials must be eliminated from California schools. If you read *Guidelines'* analysis of Dr. Lester Kirkendall, a high priest of SIECUS, you see why.

Nature abhorring a vacuum, if public schools do not concern themselves with the "permanent things" why, some crazy neoterist "value system"—like the sensitivity-training cult—will rush in to occupy mind and conscience. Then the Savage God will promulgate his new commandments. □

The Hotel Welcome

ALEC WAUGH

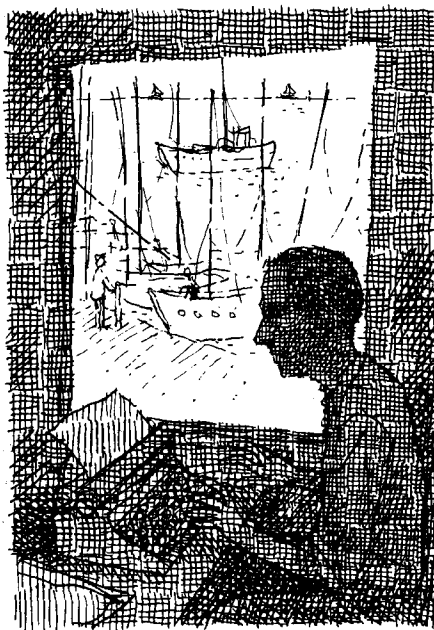
THIS YEAR the PEN Club is holding its congress in mid-September in the South of France. After the congress I am booked to spend a week in Villefranche at the Hotel Welcome. It will be forty years to a week since I went there first. During that forty years it has meant a great deal to me. It has meant a great deal to a great many others—particularly to writers, painters and musicians.

In the first edition of Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, there were pen and ink sketches at the head of every chapter. Over one was a sketch of the Villefranche waterfront. The Welcome was the hotel at which the guilty lovers broke their drive from Juan les Pins to Monte Carlo, and there is an account of a lady of the town waving goodbye to her French sailor as he leaves to join his battleship. There are descriptions of the Welcome in Glenway Westcott's *Goodbye Wisconsin* and his more recent *Images of Truth*. In front of the Welcome, the old Tribunal de Pêche which was never used as a tribunal in my time has been converted by Jean Cocteau into a chapel dedicated to the patron saint of fishermen. In the lounge of the hotel hangs one of the sketches that he made for its frescoes. It is inscribed "*à mon cher Welcome où j'ai passé le meilleur de ma vie.*" Beside it is a canvas by Graham Sutherland—in settlement of an unpaid bill perhaps. In the 1920s Paul Morand and Monroe Wheeler had villas on the slopes above the harbor. They both used the Welcome as a club. Across the bay Somerset Maugham was sumptuously installed in the Villa Mauresque. When his friends arrived in Villefranche, they would announce their presence by note or telephone. It was not unlike the routine in a small West Indian island, where you sign the book at Government House and await an appropriate invitation. Indeed there was something of an island's atmosphere about Villefranche then. You were cut off from the main current of Riviera life. There was a railway sta-

tion but the fast trains did not stop there. If you wanted to go into Nice, you had to climb the hill to the lower corniche road, to what is still called the *octroi*, though it is many years since any customs dues have been collected there, and catch a trolley. That trolley was like a ferry connecting an island with the mainland.

It was very restful in the evening, sitting out over a liqueur on the Welcome terrace, while the young girls with their black hair hanging low upon their necks sauntered along the harbor-side in couples and the young men seated on the steps eyed them enviously. The headlights of cars, on the road that linked the various playgrounds along the coast, seemed symbols of distraction.

It was this feeling of being apart from the main traffic of the coast that



gave Villefranche its particular appeal for the writer and the painter. You could concentrate upon your work, with your week passing in a day-to-day eventlessness. I remember in particular the May and June of 1931. In England it was a grey, wet summer and along the banks of the Medoc, undernourished grapes produced in Septem-

ber the flimsiest of wines, but the sun shone steadily on the little harbor. My father had been ill that winter and I persuaded my mother to bring him down there for his convalescence. My brother joined us; later Lord Kinross arrived with Keith Winter, and in July Edward Sackville West turned up. The Welcome was inexpensive. Full *pension* was \$2.50 a day, but in those days dollars took a lot of earning, and we were linked by the bond of poverty.

Evelyn was financially in the worst position. As he had published *Vile Bodies* only eighteen months before, you would have expected him to be affluent. But he was never a hoarder, and he had devoted the winter to his first trip to Abyssinia, for Haile Selassie's coronation. He assured us that he could not afford to buy locally the pair of grey flannel trousers that he sorely needed, so he instructed his London tailor, where he had credit, to send him out a pair *par avion*. Those trousers provided a hilarious saga. There were customs problems. Cables went back and forth. There were long-distance calls. He did not get them for seven weeks and his search for them cost more than two new pairs would have done at the *Galleries Lafayette*.

I saw Villefranche for the first time through the window of a train when I was homeward bound from Italy. The curve of the waterfront with its painted houses that looked as though they had been cut back into the solid rock—and indeed some of them had—gave it from that distance the look of a toy theater. In the harbor three battleships were anchored. Small yachts and fishing boats were awash against their moorings. Most fishing ports, particularly Mediterranean fishing ports, are beautiful. I have never seen one more beautiful than Villefranche. I vowed to go back there. Once I had, I was never to stop going back.

IT LOOKS JUST THE SAME from the train today, so does it from the balcony of the Welcome bedrooms. You wake with the sun reflected from the sea upon your ceiling, a rippling quivering reflection. Below you the nets are laid out to dry upon the cobbles and the women are busy mending them. The whole feel of the place is as it was, with its steep mounting streets and the dark *Rue Obscure* that has run beneath the houses
(Continues on page 765)

The Student Left: Cause and Consequence

WILL HERBERG

It has become a journalistic cliché, though it is being worked and overworked by more pretentious writers, that the European Continent, if not the world, is being rapidly "Americanized." And certainly there is a good deal of truth in this cliché, as there is in most clichés. What is almost always ignored, but is perhaps as important, is that the United States is being rapidly "Europeanized" or "Continentalized." The number of politico-ideological assassinations in recent years (John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King) is a sign of this (see my article, "Political Assassination: Two Historical Types." *NR*, July 2, 1968).

So also, even more obviously, would seem to be the upsurge of politico-ideological anarchy and violence on some (if only a few) American campuses in the last half decade. Student exuberance and restlessness we have always had, but until roughly five years ago, this exuberance and restlessness generally expressed itself, *in this country*, through what we used to regard, in more innocent days, as "campus hijinks." Politico-ideological turmoil on campuses we held to be essentially a foreign phenomenon, Latin American or Continental, thankfully alien to these shores. But now the lightning has struck us as well. In this sense, as in a number of others, we are becoming "Europeanized"; here, too, American isolation is gone.

It is one of the merits of this slender volume that most of the contributors seem to take account, if not always explicitly, of this primary fact. The contributors are quite varied—ranging all the way from the governor of California to a Columbia graduate student—and they bring with them varying points of view. What gives the nine papers together their unity, as Frederick Wilhelmsen, the editor of this volume puts it, is their "one overarching concern: they deplore anarchy and abominate chaos; they would restore order to our universities in the name of what is best in American and Western civilization."

Governor Ronald Reagan of California, in a thoughtful piece, makes the point at the very start: The great difficulty in understanding present student anarchy, he asserts, is that it is so utterly new in our country. But politico-ideological student violence is no novelty on

the European Continent or in Latin America. And yet the factors Governor Reagan brings forward to account for what is happening on some American campuses today, however widespread these factors may be in this country in recent years, have only the dimmest counterparts abroad: middle-class affluence throttling incentive in the youth; a pervasive egalitarian popular psychology; the overwhelming complexity of modern life; the technologistic "thingification" of human beings. Only in the matter of the erosion of "religious values" might there be some resemblance, and even here not much, if we are to go by the best evidence available on student attitudes. What then?

John Meyer, the Columbia graduate student, gives us a close and illuminating look at what has been happening on his campus. He tells the story with insight, theorizes only in passing and, for that very reason, leaves us with something that well repays attentive reading.

Russell Kirk finds the ground of the trouble in the "boredom" that grips both student and professor. Student discontent, erupting in violence, seems to many the only release from this hopelessness. We would do well, I am sure, to take this seriously; but to me it seems that the author is really elaborating in

Seeds of Anarchy: A Study of Campus Revolution

Edited by Frederick Wilhelmsen

Argus Academic Press, \$1.95

general terms his own personal experience—shall I say his own personal predicament?—in the academic world.

In his own idiom, Thomas Molnar agrees with Kirk: the contemporary student generation is spiritually starved, and it grasps at even the poisonous *Ersatz*-sustenance offered by the revolutionary movements.

Jane Bret finds that the great centralized megallo-university, of which Americans are so inordinately proud, is largely responsible for the malaise, but it is also the way out, she thinks. Michael Lawrence, an editor of *Triumph*, finds the root cause in the secularist "banishment of God" from the campus, and sees the same thing happening at a rapid rate in the Catholic colleges and universities of this country as well. And, indeed, the story of what has been happening at Catholic University in Washington is hair-raising by any standard.

Stanton Evans finds both the Old Left and the New Left at work on American campuses, united by a common totalitarianism. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn brings to bear the rich resources of his Continental experience on our American problems, with proportionate effect.

BY FAR THE MOST impressive contribution to this volume, it seems to me, is the contribution by Jeffrey Hart. (Readers of *NATIONAL REVIEW* may remember Professor Hart's essay, for it first appeared in these columns.) He briefly describes what may be called the forces, or elements, involved in the turbulence on campus: 1) the tiny hard core of conscious and committed revolutionaries; 2) the considerably larger group of disoriented students running along with them; 3) the black radicals; and 4) the radically inclined professoriat. He shows clearly the anarchistic, *putschist* character of the hard-core

revolutionists, and explains their resort to the "propaganda of the deed" (intimidation, violence, even bomb-throwing) by their sense of the obvious hopelessness of the "propaganda of the word" under American, or, indeed, under contemporary West European, conditions. In the same way, he shows that what the student revolutionaries have in mind in their assault on the campus is not this or that grievance, this or that institution, not even capitalism in the old socialist sense; it is civilization, culture, decency as such.

He then examines with some care what might be called the social psychology of the larger group of fellow-traveling students who give protective support to the hard-core revolutionaries. They are largely the product of the shift in Western culture that began almost imperceptibly toward the middle of the eighteenth century (Rousseau), developed slowly through the nineteenth, and has come to flourish unrestrained in advanced Western society in the twentieth, especially in affluent suburban middle-class circles—a culture in which the child and the "younger generation" are exalted; maintained in prolonged adolescence; deprived, in the family, of the experience of order and authority, which are rejected as "repressive" (horrid word!); and conditioned to be always expecting what is essentially infantile: instant gratification ("non-negotiable demands"). The consequences are there to be seen on the afflicted college campuses.

The faculty, Professor Hart continues, is, by and large, "thoroughly liberalized." "It defines itself through its negations. It is against 'nationalism' and 'militarism,' and it is against 'repression.' They have 'principles' of a sort . . . [but] they function mostly to fuel negative attitudes toward the surrounding society." The almost complete breakdown of authority, the erosion of tradition, and the creeping epicene-ethos tend to make a good section of the faculty easily vulnerable to the campus revolutionists.

Professor Hart tends to take a somewhat more benign view of the black militants. "For the most part," he says, "even the militant black students are neither wild men nor anomic and alienated. . . . Their demand for 'black studies' programs, for separate housing, and the like [Professor Hart does not mention "open enrollment" without regard to qualifications] have little to do with the demands of a group like the SDS." Perhaps so; but I cannot agree

that they are so innocent. I cannot agree that "the demands of the blacks, while certainly unorthodox from an academic standpoint, are not likely, in the long run, to alter the character of the American academy." That's just what I think they are well calculated to do—if the black power movement on campus proves successful, which I don't think it will. The black militancy on campus—contending for protected sanctuaries, harboring intellectually and culturally unqualified elements—seems to me to be the last word in the philistine egalitarianism that is ruining American higher education.

JEFFREY HART's analysis is perceptive and illuminating as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. We need a broader and deeper historical perspective to appreciate the gravity of the problem.

What we are witnessing today, on the Continent and in Latin America, and increasingly in Great Britain and the United States as well, is the final outcome of the social and moral disintegration of the stable, ordered, integrated society we think of as characterizing the high Middle Ages in the West, where everyone normally had a place in society, and found no difficulty in defining his identity in terms of his belonging. In that kind of corporate system, a "masterless man," a man on his own, a man belonging nowhere, was a strange anomaly. Medieval man, of whatever class or estate, had his spiritual crises to confront, no doubt, but they were not crises of identity or belonging.

This kind of society and culture has long had its day. In the fifteenth century, the Promethean man of the

Renaissance emerged and, for a few brief decades, intoxicated himself with his new sense of autonomy, which could not entirely hide his growing disorientation and loss of identity. Now, for the first time in the West, this problem of social alienation and identity rose on a significant scale. Large segments of the population were, of course, not seriously affected by these developments. The vast peasant masses were still embedded in the traditional, ordered society, and have largely remained so to the present day.

When a modern proletariat arose, and with it social alienation in its classic Marxian form, the self-recuperative powers of Western bourgeois society proved fully capable of coping with it. The way Western bourgeois society developed to cope with massive proletarian alienation was that most bourgeois of bourgeois institutions, the labor union. We still have not learned to appreciate properly the conservative, anti-disintegrative service that the labor unions, despite all their faults and shortcomings, have rendered to the social order. It is simply a fact that, in the United States and throughout most of the Western world, the working people have come to constitute the most stable, the most conservative, the most antirevolutionary element in society.

In fact, the only major group that seems to have experienced the full brunt of the disintegration of the stable society of the past is the intellectual—and then not the professional man or technical intellectual, but the free-floating journalist, the *littérateur*, or the junior academician, who feels it is his high prerogative, self-conferred, to work out his alienation by destroying the existing



social order, first with blasting criticism, then, in frustration, with revolutionary violence (direct action).

The vulnerability of the Western intellectual to disintegrative forces showed itself first, of course, on the Continent, and then in that cultural offshoot of the Continent, Latin America. Only in fairly recent times did a belated impact reach Britain and America. Here we have the historical background of the present turmoil on the campus; and, by reflection, of such glimmerings of thought as the New Left has been able to bring up in the way of theory.

At this point it would seem desirable to make clear that, despite some undoubted elements of contact, there are profound, and I should say unbridgeable, differences between the Old (Marxist) Left and the New Left, essentially anarchist. Spokesmen of the New Left gibe at the Marxists as virtually part of the Establishment; and Kuehnelt-Leddihn, in this volume, tells of "an Italian Communist poet [who] has written and published an 'Ode to the Police,' in which he extols the proletarian sons of workers and peasants, spat at and vilified by the long-haired sons of fat bourgeois." (He might have been talking about what happened at Columbia a year or two ago!) The differences in ethos, theory and tactics between the Old Left and the New are deep and significant, and it does not do to throw them both into the same pot.

If there is one defect in this volume, it is that most contributors tend to see the present anarchy on the campus (remember on only a small handful of campuses!) altogether too ominously. Students, and intellectuals generally, may well be particularly vulnerable to disintegrative, subversive influences, but they have no effective power in society. No less sympathetic an observer of the student Left than Al Milano, a Brooklyn College graduate who is director of the Legal Rights Department of the National Student Association, acknowledged this ruefully in a public interview last March. Students, he said, were "powerless, powerless people." In a flash of insight, he even traced their violence and insurgency to the fact that "powerless people," unable to effect their purposes by words, "tend to react in a very paranoid way." Workers and farmers, who do have tremendous social and political power, have become thoroughly conservative, antirevolutionary, pro-Establishment; students and intellectuals, some of them for reasons I have suggested, are relatively vulnerable

to alienation and disaffection, but they have no social or political power, in fact, no power at all except the dubious power of making a nuisance of themselves by effecting some degree of temporary disruption on campuses here and there.

I would not want to underestimate the symptomatic significance of the campus turmoil. But I see no reason for the ominous mood. Students, professors, as well as all others who flout the law must be made to feel the full brunt of it. But under present conditions they constitute no threat, either remote or immediate, to the public order, not even to the public order of the academy. I think we can rely on the profoundly conservative genius of the American people, now stung to counteraction (the famous "backlash") by the provocations of the radicals, to preserve the republic on secure foundations. □

ABM: An Evaluation of the Decision to Deploy an Antiballistic Missile System

Edited by Abram Chayes and Jerome B. Wiesner Harper, \$5.95

Why ABM? Policy Issues in the Missile Defense Controversy

Edited by Johan J. Holst and William Schneider Jr.

Pergamon, \$6.95

ABM:

THE GREAT DEBATE

FRANK J. JOHNSON

Not since the "Fortress America" controversy consumed the country during the days of the Korean War has there been such sound and fury over an issue of U.S. politico-military strategy. The question of whether or not to build a missile defense system is viewed by many advocates and opponents as transcending purely technological feasibility or even intelligence evaluations of the potential threat to the U.S. retaliatory forces. It is seen as a contest for the soul of America. On one side of the argument are ranged those who believe that the decision to deploy the Safeguard ABM system initially around two Minuteman fields in Montana and North Dakota represents an intolerable victory for the insatiable "military-industrial complex" and the loss of mankind's last fleeting chance to avoid

a final and irretrievable plunge into the abyss of the arms race spiral, which must culminate in an all-destroying nuclear war. Taking the opposite view are those who believe that if Safeguard is not deployed it will represent an intolerable victory for those elements which would unilaterally disarm the United States and in so doing would probably bring on the very nuclear war which they so much hope to avoid.

THERE IS a heavy overlay of emotionalism to the debate and it is unquestionably true that most of it is on the side of the Safeguard opponents. This is unfortunate, because it tends to obscure a more objective discussion of the truly complicated technical and strategic questions which bear upon the problem. Because of this emotional bias against ABM as *another major weapons system*, the debate tends to be heavily one-sided. The majority of scientists who consult part-time for the government seem opposed to Safeguard while the majority of full-time defense planners, analysts and scientists seem to favor it. This may be because the first group owes its loyalties to academia and is inevitably swept up in the wave of anti-militarism which is now fashionable in such circles. The second group is largely isolated from this kind of intellectual environment and takes defense issues quite seriously and with a more detached professionalism.

For the reader who is interested in a serious investigation of the pros and cons of the Presidential proposal on Safeguard, and who is willing to do his homework in depth—even though it will require some heavy going in places—the two volumes reviewed in this space will probably provide him with every conceivable argument on either side. The earlier book was prepared under the direction of Abram Chayes, former legal adviser to the Department of State, and Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, former Science Adviser to the President, 1961-64. Because the study was commissioned by Senator Edward Kennedy and carries an introduction by him it is usefully known as the "Kennedy Study." It is a compendium of articles by scientists and politicians intent on proving that Safeguard a) won't work, b) is not needed, c) will damage the present strategic balance, and d) will set back the cause of arms control.

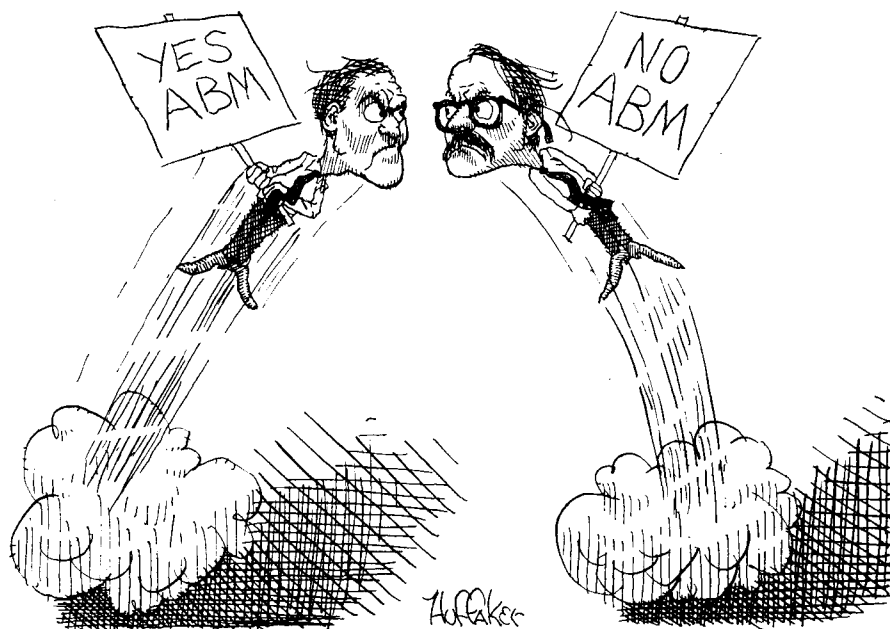
The second study is a no less prestigious compendium of essays, which, in general, reach conclusions exactly the opposite from those of the Kennedy

authors. It was produced under the auspices of the Hudson Institute, Inc., whose director, Herman Kahn, participates in the discussion. Dr. Kahn makes a particularly notable contribution in his summarizing overview of the missile debate by listing twelve trends or vogues now current in the country, which he calls the "New Political Milieu." To a large extent this milieu reflects and explains the present American mood of hostility toward the military and so bears directly on the ABM debate.

IT APPEARS to this writer that on the merits of the argument alone, the Hudson Institute authors make a far more powerful case in favor of Safeguard than the Kennedy authors are able to contrive against it. For example, the Kennedy authors are caught in the intrinsic dilemma of trying to prove on the one hand that Safeguard is technologically almost useless but that it will nevertheless so alarm the Russians that they will hasten to build up their offensive missiles to counter it. The only way that they can resolve the problem is to put themselves in the shoes of the hypothetical "Marshal S.," the Soviet Defense Minister, and say that "of course, he might believe those American scientists who think that this defensive system is highly penetrable and unreliable, but as a prudent defense planner he would more probably give it the benefit of the doubt."

Precisely. From the standpoint of *detering* a first strike against the Minuteman fields, this is all that is required for Safeguard to fulfill its function. Even a reasonable doubt about its efficacy in the minds of Soviet strategic planners must compel extreme caution in the actual *initiation* of nuclear war. Of equal importance, the existence of a missile defense, *whether it worked or not*, denies to both the Soviets and the Chinese, when and if the latter finally develop an ICBM of their own, the attractive option of nuclear blackmail. They cannot credibly threaten us if the *capability* (apart from the intention) to carry out the threat is in reasonable doubt.

The Kennedy authors have been accused by the Defense Department of serious errors of fact in their treatise, as well as debatable errors in judgment. The Hudson Institute authors support this contention. Hudson author Albert Wohlstetter, for example, clashes head on with Kennedy author Dr. George Rathjens over the question of vulnerability of the Minuteman silos to the



Soviet SS-9 missile. Rathjens believes that even under the worst possible circumstance projected by intelligence, i.e., five hundred SS-9 missiles by 1975, armed with Multiple Independently-guided Re-entry Vehicles (MIRV), 25 per cent of the Minuteman force would survive. Wohlstetter calculates 5 per cent. After comparing notes with Rathjens here is his explanation of the difference:

Our assumptions differed on three key points: in the degree of blast resistance assumed for the Minuteman silos, in the yield of the Russian re-entry vehicles, and in the use or non-use by the Russians of substantial information about what missiles are unready at launch or fail in the early stages.

On the first point I explained that Dr. Rathjens assumed that Minuteman silos were two-thirds more blast resistant than they are officially estimated to be. . . . Second, I assumed three five-megaton re-entry vehicles for each SS-9, as in Secretary Laird's public statements. Dr. Rathjens assumed four one-megaton re-entry vehicles. More than four re-entry vehicles can be fitted on the SS-9, if the payload is only one megaton. However, the three five-megaton re-entry vehicles, given the accuracy we both assume, and given the actual blast resistance of the Minuteman, do enough for the attacker. Using his lower Russian bomb yield and his overestimated Minuteman blast resistance, Dr. Rathjens derived a probability of about 60 per cent that one arriving Russian re-entry vehicle would destroy one missile silo. If he had used the officially estimated five-megaton re-entry vehicle and the actual blast resistance of the Minuteman silo, the probability would have been more nearly 99 per cent. . . . The third point of difference

. . . is that Dr. Rathjens assumes that the Russians would have to salvo all their missiles with no information as to which had been unready or failed in time to be discovered, or at any rate with no use of such information. However, it is familiar that better methods are available and are of considerable utility for an offense that wants to assure a very high percentage of destruction of the force attacked. . . .

ARMS CONTROL appears to be the real sticking point with most of the Safeguard opponents. There is genuine fear that if the U.S. decides to begin deployment of Safeguard now, it will adversely affect the forthcoming Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) with the USSR. The answer to this is that it *could*, but there is no evidence that it *will*, and no real reason why it *should* damage whatever chances there may be of an arms limitation or reduction agreement. The Soviets have rather dismally refused to support the U.S. ABM opponents by calling down fire and brimstone on the Nixon proposal; to which the Safeguard foes lamely reply by complaining that the Soviets must somehow fail to comprehend the situation. Soviet Premier Kosygin, however, is on record with an interview justifying missile defense as moral and humane because it saves lives rather than exterminating them. On the available evidence it appears that the Soviets feel the need to pursue their own ABM program and are not of a mind to raise a fuss if the United States does likewise.

Since Safeguard does not (and cannot) protect U.S. cities against a Soviet attack, the credibility of the Soviet deterrent against a possible U.S. first

strike is unimpaired. Therefore, if their intentions in building the SS-9 25-megaton missile are not fundamentally sinister, the Soviets should feel under no compulsion to increase the already rapid rate of construction of these missiles. Conversely, if their intentions *are* sinister and dominated by thoughts of trying for a first-strike capability, then they will have to ask themselves seriously if the effort is worth it, once they see that the United States is determined to frustrate them with a defensive system whose eventual effectiveness is an inherently unknown factor.

The real question, in short, is whether an ABM program constitutes a prudent thing for the United States to undertake. In a world where the future is at the mercy of an ever advancing technology a little extra insurance seems to make eminent sense. □

The Adventure of the Unique Dickensians

By August Derleth

Mycroft & Moran, \$1.50

A Praed Street Dossier

By August Derleth

Mycroft & Moran, \$3

Mr. Fairlie's Final Journey

By August Derleth

Mycroft & Moran, \$3.50

ADDENDA TO THE CANON

JARED C. LOBDELL

The last Sherlock Holmes story appeared in 1927. In 1928, a junior at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, sat down in his room at 823 West Johnson Street to take up the pen that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had laid down. His Holmes was named Solar Pons, Pons' rooms were at 7B Praed St., and the account of the creation of Solar Pons forms the first part of *A Praed Street Dossier*. Pons is not Holmes, of course, and we know it, and (as Vincent Starrett has pointed out) there is a twinkle in the Pontine eye that tells us Pons knows it too. Nonetheless, for all that Pons is not Holmes, he is unquestionably the next best thing.

True, from time to time arcana on the canon of Doyle's great work may issue from 221B Baker St. (Morristown, N.J.), and we have now (have had for above a year, in fact) the late



W. S. Baring-Gould's *Annotated Sherlock Holmes* for devoted Holmesians (pron. Hol-mes-i-ans): but there is a limit for a time to criticism and annotation even of the canon. One longs for a new story, and very few of the seemingly innumerable pastiches that have appeared are inherently satisfactory.

EXCEPTIONS THERE ARE, of course, Vincent Starrett's "Adventure of the Unique Hamlet" among them. And foremost among the exceptions are the adventures of Solar Pons, collected in five volumes of short stories—*In Re: Sherlock Holmes: The Adventures of Solar Pons* (1945), *The Memoirs of Solar Pons* (1951), *The Return of Solar Pons* (1958), *The Reminiscences of Solar Pons* (1961), *The Casebook of Solar Pons* (1965)—along with the three volumes noted here. August Derleth, the undergraduate of 1928, is now the dean of Wisconsin writers, ensconced in his retreat at Sauk City, founder of Arkham House Publishers, author of upwards of 120 books: regional Wisconsiniana, history, horror stories, an edition of the letters of H. P. Lovecraft, and the eight books covering the five dozen and more adventures of Solar Pons.

Mycroft & Moran is Mr. Derleth's own imprint (from Mycroft Holmes and Colonel Sebastian Moran, "the second most dangerous man in London," of course), with a deerstalker for colophon, Baskerville for type face, and the pleasant little town of Sauk City, Wisconsin, a few miles up Highway 12 from Madison, across the Wisconsin River, for place of publication.

Mr. Fairlie's Final Journey is the first Solar Pons novel, and one is driven

to conclude (a view in which the author concurs) that the novel is not the best form for a Solar Pons adventure—any more than, with the exception of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, it was the best form for a Sherlock Holmes adventure. Both *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Valley of Fear* have long Western digressions in the middle of the detection: a satisfactory novel of pure detection is rare indeed.

A Praed Street Dossier is an out-of-the-way sort of work, not a collection of adventures (except for the last 24 pages of the book, which contain two collaborative science-fiction detective stories, comprising what is surely one of the few attempts at this genre and even more surely one of the few successful attempts), but the raw material for a collection. Along with the section on the creation of Solar Pons, and the science-fiction detection, about half the book (pages 27-80) is devoted to the journal of Dr. Lyndon Parker—the Pontine Watson—in the first year (1919-1920) of his association with Pons. Apart from the fact that it makes pleasant reading, the journal is worth noting for Mr. Derleth's strong defense of capital punishment.

The Adventure of the Unique Dickensians, a pamphlet which was Mycroft & Moran's 1968 Christmas chapbook, is by way of being a double pastiche—a pastiche of Vincent Starrett's pastiche, "The Adventure of the Unique Hamlet." It is excellent fun. Nevertheless, one looks forward to the promised *Chronicles of Solar Pons*. The *Memoirs* are now out of print, but the other seven books are still available, and they are unquestionably the best substitute for Sherlock Holmes.

That they may contain mistakes, inconsistencies, Americanisms, is no real weakness. The *Annotated Sherlock Holmes* devotes half its bulk to discussing the mistakes and inconsistencies in the original canon. Whether there will be Praed Street Irregulars along with Baker Street Irregulars at some future date I do not know: perhaps even now Pontine societies are meeting. The important thing is that as long as August Derleth is alive and writing in Sauk City, we need not unduly regret the death of Dr. Watson's literary agent in Sussex four decades ago. If not cut entirely from Holmesian cloth, Solar Pons is more than a patch on the old master. □

A Rumor of Angels: Modern Society and the Rediscovery of the Supernatural

By Peter Berger

Doubleday, \$4.50

WRESTLING WITH ANGELS

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Walt Whitman spoke eloquently "of the terrible doubt of appearances, of the uncertainty after all, that we may be deluded . . ." And both the religious man and the agnostic acknowledge this ambiguous quality of all human experience and all human knowing: the fact that experience and knowing may not be what they seem to be. The awareness that this is the case gives the rational man an openness to experience and evidence which the individual who takes his certitudes from the temporary persuasions and passions of his society never achieves. Fifteen years ago when the much heralded revival of religion was the current fatuous filler of *Look Magazine*, the fashionable man devotedly followed the high thoughts of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Today, reading the same magazine, he is intimately acquainted with the Frankenstein operation whereby a dead God is restored to life by giving Him the brain of a third-rate secularist. Openness to experience is a *sine qua non* for making right judgments, but an openness to opinion nearly guarantees that our judgments will be wrong. In this so-called age of science, technology and secularization, there is certainly not

less reason and perhaps there are a great many more reasons than in the past for believing in the existence of God and for acknowledging His loving presence in His world and in our lives.

In order to achieve this openness to experience it is not necessary to draw the shades in the house of intellect and blow out the lamps of reason so that in the mystic darkness we may see by the light of the imagination what no sane man could see in the clear light of day. On the contrary, when men deal with God they need to have their wits about them. Moreover they must banish completely the false notion that there is some essential discontinuity between the natural and the supernatural. It is difficult to give up the notion that the realms of nature and grace are separate or even in contradiction, but it must be done if we are to make sense either of this world or the other. Either God is empirically evident in creation and in the nature and the works of man, or a convincing case cannot be made out for His existence. The unbeliever cannot and should not accept faith in His existence on any other grounds.

Those arguments from reason and from nature which were so convincing until the Kantian revolution in philosophy and theology have today lost much of their power to compel assent. This is not because they are no longer true, but because today validity is established through feeling and experience rather than through the more cool and objective process of rational analysis. A theology convincing to the twentieth century therefore must be rooted in anthropology taken in the largest sense. It is a curious thought that we can come to know God by getting to know ourselves better and by raising some fundamental questions about the nature of experience.

IN THE MOST BRILLIANT and lapidary intellectual performance of the year, Peter Berger in this short essay has undertaken to do just that. He asks quite simply what we can learn about transcendence and the possibility of God by looking at man a little more closely. All contemporary intellectuality has passed through the fiery brook (Feurbach), and historical relativity is our heritage. However, what appears to be an initial disadvantage, Berger argues, can be turned into an advantage. Employing the techniques of the sociology of knowledge he pro-

ceeds to relativize the relativizers. It may be that our much vaunted "scientific" attitude (which is an excuse for not asking questions) makes us less, rather than more, able to deal with the evidence of God's possible existence. Berger appeals to us to use our capacity for ecstasy, by which he does not mean "the alleged experiences of the mystic, but any experience of stepping outside the taken-for-granted reality of everyday life, any openness to the mystery that surrounds us on all sides."

When we do this we are confronted by a variety of experiences, empirical in character, which point toward that which transcends or lies beyond the experience. These experiences are messengers of the transcendent, quite literally angels. Though Berger does not say so, we must wrestle with these angelic messengers if we are to attain our full stature as men. There are many experiences of this sort. Berger chooses to deal with only five of them. They are the human experiences of ordering, of play, of hope, of damnation, and of humor. (Is it a conceit that Berger, as did Thomas Aquinas, offers us only five "proofs"?)

When a mother comforts her child by saying "everything will be all right," she is making an affirmation which is cosmic in scope. She is saying "have trust in being," and man's "ordering propensity implies a transcendent order." When we play, Berger tells us, we literally step out of time and into the eternal. We make the affirmation of play even in a world beset by war and plague. All hope is a no to death, the "very core of our *humanitas*" which will not think of itself as illusion even when surrounded by triumphant death. The argument from damnation is a chilling one. Man's justice, not God's, demands a hell where the monstrously sinful receive punishment for actions which exceed any recompense that man is capable of demanding. Finally, humor reveals the imprisonment of the human spirit in the world. It reveals it, and relativizes it. The comic implies that the tragedy will be overcome, that redemption is nearer than we at first thought.

It is obvious, of course, that however compelling these arguments, none of them constitutes irrefutable proof. All discussion of ultimate reality is characterized by this ambiguity. Awareness of this is not new, but at least as old as Christianity itself. In an episode Berger does not report but which is very germane to his argument,

St. John in the twelfth Chapter of his Gospel tells us that when Jesus went up to Jerusalem for his crucifixion he was very anguished in spirit and said: "Now my soul is troubled. And what shall I say? Father save me from this hour! No, this is why I came to this hour. Father glorify thy name." There came therefore a voice from heaven, 'I have glorified it and will glorify it again.' Then the crowd which was standing round and had heard, said that it had thundered. Others said, 'An angel has spoken to him.' Jesus answered and said, 'Not for me did this voice come, but for you.' " □

FILM CHRONICLE

FILM AND OTHER FOUR-LETTER WORDS

RICHARD CORLISS

In 1896, the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign and the first year movies were exhibited publicly in an American theater, a forty-second film showing snippets from a current play, *The Kiss*, provoked the first censorious attack on Edison's newest toy. In 1969, the ninth year in that decadent decade known as the Sick Sixties, a two-hour film by Andy Warhol, called *Fuck*, was about to open in New York. Times, it would seem, have changed.

The changes are two: Americans' acceptance of sex, in real life and reel life, has expanded; and the size of the U.S. movie audience has contracted. Once movies were the Lowest Common Denominator, the one form of entertainment (never mind "art") everybody and his immigrant brother could comprehend. Film alone among the reproductive media (painting, sculpture, architecture, as opposed to the immediate arts of dance, music, theater) gave the *illusion* of immediacy. When a train rushed toward the screen, the audience screamed in fear; Irwin and Mary Rice touched lips for half-a-minute, it gasped in excitement.

But exposure breeds sophistication, and sophistication distance. Though we may be charmed and, in a sad way (mourning our lost innocence), moved by the fairy tales of our youth, we can no longer believe in them. Now, when heads roll like meatballs in a spaghetti western, we realize it's a cheap bit of cinematic legerdemain, and when two people begin the sex act in a sexploita-

tion film, we know it's just an act. We're very sophisticated, and a little bored. So much of the magic disappeared with our gullibility.

As the audience has become sophisticated, the film-maker has become both oblique (some would say obscure) and graphic (some would say pornographic). With television, a void itself, filling the void in the mind of the average viewer, the film-maker felt free to express himself to a kind of peer group of film freaks and critics, without the restrictions of grammar-school clarity (thus the introduction of ambiguity into so many recent films) or imposed prudery (thus the exploration of sex and nudity).

But love and love-making can be accepted as an essential part of life, and thus valid fodder for film-makers, without the immediate production of artistic statements on the subject. It's the nature of any art, especially one as wedded to industry as the movies, to attract more artisans than artists. So it's natural, though disappointing, that most films dealing with sex and love-making are shoddy, quasi-pornographic items that emphasize the more explosive and degrading aspects of the topics. Further, some film-makers hide behind the Court definition of obscenity to show sex as being either ugly or boring, and thus redeemingly social. *Fuck* is exhibitable simply because, as in most Warholocausts, the performers take forever to do anything. The film is so excruciating to sit through that it can easily be used as 1) a scare film to uninitiated students of sex-education classes, 2) the subject of a *Partisan Review* essay, or 3) an example of a film that can pass unscathed, while far more accomplished and com-

passionate films like Stan Brakhage's *Love-Making* and Carolee Schneeman's *Fuses* are seized and censored. Nevertheless, it seems inevitable that the act of love will soon be depicted in "commercial" films, so we can at least hope for a film artist who can make visible the tacitly of the love experience, and help us understand its unique pain and joy.

SOME OF THE SUBJECT's complexity is grasped by Vilgot Sjöman in the first, or *Yellow*, part of his *I Am Curious* pair. Sjöman's film has by now been over-discussed to the point where it's difficult to see *Curious* as a film and not as a social issue. First of all, the voyeurs among us will be disappointed, for although plenty of flesh is displayed, most of it hangs on the oppressively plain Lena Nyman, who looks the way Janis Joplin will fifty years from now: terrible. The film's form and content are a combination of documentary and fiction film techniques. Lena, the curious and voracious girl in question, is compiling a one-woman *collage*-history of Sweden in 1967. Like an SDS-bred Allen Funt, she quizzes tourists on their reasons for vacationing in Franco's Spain (although she somehow forgets to talk with those flying to Brezhnev's Russia), debates Olof Palme of the Swedish Government, and listens devotedly to Yevgeny Yevtushenko. She is, in short, a computer radical.

Her love life is just as programmed: She keeps a file on each of her 23 previous lovers. Her "documentary" life style is complemented nicely by the film's style—it is a "file" on Lena—so it's perfectly natural for the camera to follow Lena and Number 24 as they



awkwardly take their pleasures on a makeshift bed. Sexploitation films inhabit a world of impure fantasy; the viewer melds his ego with those of the other grind-house troglodytes, and the group ego fantasizes itself into participation with the bovine beauty on the screen. But the sex act is relentlessly real—true stag films are inevitably unintentional documentaries, artless and awful variants of the True-Life Adventures—and Sjöman's *cinéma-vérité* approach aptly captures the exuberance of sex (which is what is simulated here) if not the depth of sexual love. *Curious* is often visually obvious, politically spurious and filmically tedious; Sjöman is not the artist we need. But it does point the sex-love film down an interesting road, even if it is interesting only to the extent that we realize it's not the right one.

IT'S A LONG WAY down from the misguided exhilaration of *I Am Curious (Yellow)* to the calculating bitchiness of *The Killing of Sister George*, whose director-producer, Robert Aldrich, has realized some of the screen's tawdriest melodramas (*Kiss Me Deadly*, *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*, *The Dirty Dozen*). Based on Frank Marcus' trashy play of the same name, which distinguishes itself only by making the dismissal of a soap-opera performer seem more interesting than the performer's lesbian leanings, the film version manages to dissipate the play's robust venality into a most undykelike vapid-ity. It does improve upon the play in one respect: Marcus, in having the heroine submit to her demotion from a Midlands nurse to a kid-show cow by "moo"ing the curtain down, ended the play with a whimper; but Aldrich has dared (encouraged by the promise of a *Life* spread on the film) to insert an irrelevant and embarrassing (for both performers and the audience) sex scene—so the film ends with a bang and a whimper. To be sure, the scene is not erotic, but whether this is due to Aldrich's ineptitude in building tension through editing, or to Susannah York's tomboy figure and fatboy breasts, is problematical.

What is condemnable and contemptible about *Sister George* is the use Aldrich and his scenarist Lukas Heller have made of the film-maker's newborn right to relatively free expression. To Aldrich and Heller, this right means you can stuff vulgarity after vulgarity into the characters' mouths (and since this dialogue is delivered with a panderer's sense of immediate shock value, it is

vulgar). You can exploit the weakness of your audience as easily as you do that of the real-life lesbians whose self-conscious laughter and false bravado you weave into a repulsive fiction tap-estry. You can pick up a fast buck by sitting your audience down to two hours of bitchy verbal foreplay before "the action" starts. Once it does, you won't disappoint: the scene will teeter between the absurd and the obscene, but you'll interrupt it in a final attempt to sew up the patchwork plot. At no time must you confuse technical aptitude with visceral latitude, or the depth of human experience with the breadth of the pornography statutes. What is character depth, anyway? It's penetration not of the heart, but of the vagina.

Aldrich and Heller have realized a few laws of popularity that Broadway discovered years ago: profanity gets a laugh; sex jokes, especially three-act ones about deviant behavior, make a play; "action" draws a crowd. Sure, the laughs are nervous, the plays evanescent, and the audience a bunch of middle-aged schoolboys, but so what? If pubescent prurience can pass for maturity on the stage, why not on the screen? That is a question (I add in my guise as an academic critic) that must be answered by the indifference of the public and the sands of time. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CENTER OF THE WORLD: COMMUNISM AND THE MIND OF CHINA (*Revised Edition*), by Robert S. Elegant (*Funk and Wagnalls*, \$6.95). If the Chinese don't understand the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution how can Westerners hope to? Elegant implies that this most significant and most incredible event of our times is not beyond comprehension but, if understanding is to come, some serious homework about China is required. He suggests that the American reaction to the "People's War" in Vietnam was the proximate cause of the crisis inside China. This crisis—the Cultural Revolution—resulted, he says, when anti-Maoists began to question the efficiency of Mao's foreign policy based on immediate challenge to the "imperialist paper tigers." The American intervention in Vietnam refuted the Maoist claim that the imperialists could be defeated by "People's War" and, at the same time, gave some grist to those internal Chinese forces that wanted to bring Mao down. Now, Elegant argues, we should continue our intervention in Vietnam (in order to demonstrate that "People's War" cannot succeed) but should also recognize Peking (in order to assist in

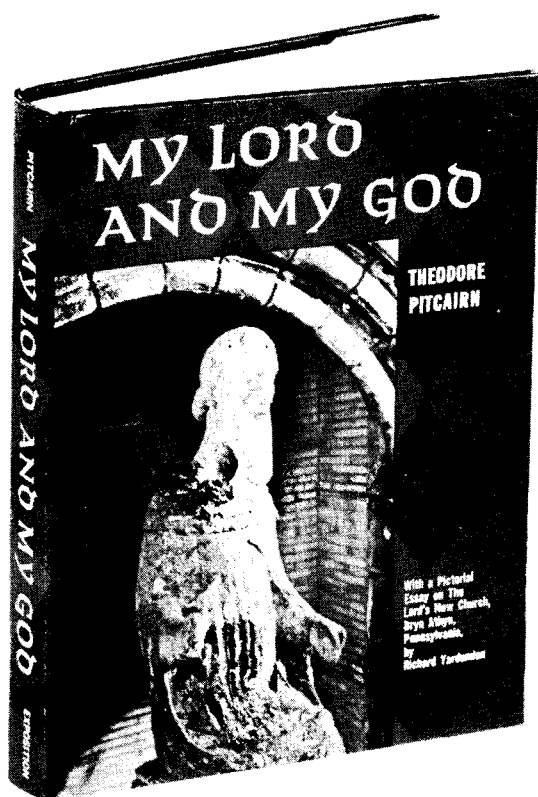
China's transformation). It is not necessary to support Elegant's seemingly incompatible conclusions to recognize that he has presented a thoughtful and challenging view of what is really going on inside Mao's Madhouse. W. D. JACOBS

I AIN'T MARCHIN' ANYMORE! by Dotson Rader. (*McKay*, \$3.95). Rader, ex-Columbia SDSer and rioter, apparently intended this as the spiritual autobiography of a young revolutionary. It reads more like a psychiatric case study. Rader can't quite level with himself. He would have us believe his lust for revolution grows out of disgust with social injustice; actually, it seems more the direct result of sexual hangups. He claims to want to make it with girls, but is underneath obviously driven by masochistic homosexual yearnings. After scoring with a sweet young thing, for instance, he confesses to a "desire for violence and humiliation. Like with some bull faggot truck driver on the docks. Or a mounted trooper on the street." His fascination with Negroes, especially of the "bull faggot" variety, springs from the same polluted source as does his whole love of campus disorders: "The experience of violence, at least for me . . . creates sexual hunger." After being beaten by cops, he feels "horny as hell." Rader is an unpleasant young man, a candidate for the couch, and his book is valuable only because of what it tries not to tell us about him and perhaps about most campus rebels. J. R. COYNE JR.

TOLKIEN: A LOOK BEHIND THE LORD OF THE RINGS, by Lin Carter (*Ballantine*, paperback, 95¢). When the author of this pleasant but not very rewarding book is discussing Tolkien himself, and when he is recounting his own discovery of the names of the dwarves, in *The Elder Edda*, what he has to say is to the point. (Parenthetically, it may be noted in this connection that *The Hobbit* is in many ways a Norse tale, but that the Norse aspects of *The Lord of the Rings* are not often so evident as the Welsh or Anglo-Saxon.) However, when he discusses the history of fantasy, he seems to be walking on unfamiliar ground—not to mention ground rather distant from Middle-Earth—and the value of what he has to say is questionable. Moreover, even where Mr. Carter's philological discussion is not demonstrably inaccurate it is clearly inexpert. One cannot escape the impression, although Mr. Carter is a devoted Tolkienist, that the book was rushed into print to take advantage of the current Tolkien mania. On the other hand, this is not the worst book to be written on the subject, and while Mr. Carter's discussion of William Morris, Lord Dunsany, E. R. Eddison and others is at best tangential to *The Lord of the Rings*, it is probably a good thing to be reminded that others besides the master have tried their hand at heroic fantasy. J. C. LOBBELL

ARE THE CHURCHES

DO WE NEED A NEW RELIGIOUS CONCEPT?



MY LORD and MY GOD

Essays on Modern Religion, the Bible and Emanuel Swedenborg

by THEODORE PITCAIRN,

one of the pastors of
The Lord's New Church
(Swedenborgian)
at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

FROM THE TEXT

History teaches us: Civilizations grow and flourish, and then degenerate and fall. It is the same with religions. There are those who feel that the present civilization shows signs of decay. Prominent men and women have pointed this out, but what causes the decay is not clearly seen. The fall of civilizations and religions is the result of false attitudes or a false religious philosophy—that is, of sophistry—arising out of wrong motives.

DANGER TO THE CHURCHES

From the book: Most people consider atheism and communism to be the greatest danger to the church. But the greatest danger is not from without, but from the sophisticated leaders within the church, who have no liv-

ing faith in the Word of God or in the Lord as God, and who often undermine the faith of the simple. With the increase of worldly education, nearly everyone is becoming sophisticated, so that spiritual wisdom is becoming rare.

The sophisticated have gained the dominant power not only in theological schools, but in most of the leading universities, art schools, magazines and museums, and in the government, so that one scarcely finds a proportion of one wise man to twenty sophisticated persons in places of prominence or power.

MANY DO NOT LOOK TO THE LORD

The sophisticated and sensual man strongly resents the idea that every word in the Word of the Lord has a spiritual significance and that everything in creation corresponds to a spiritual idea or to some Divine or human affection, for such an idea threatens the center of his life, which resides in his conceit, in relation to his scientific ideas, and in his sensual delight in pleasures as such. He does not want to lift up his eyes to the mountains; he does not look to the Lord for help, for he trusts in himself and delights in his scientific or philosophic ideas and sensual pleasures. He will therefore combat against the above idea with all his might and with every argument at his disposal; for he does not wish to leave the life he is in, although he is aware at times of its emptiness. He cannot realize that all good pleasures can serve love to God and one's neighbor, and that when such pleasures serve these higher ends, man is far happier than he was before.

Lincoln's Religion: When Abraham Lincoln was running for President, some asked him what was his religion. To this question he replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the First and Great Commandment. And the second is like unto it; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Most Christians would say that they agree with Lincoln, but there is scarcely one in a hundred who seriously attempts actually to carry out such a belief in his life.

In past centuries many made faith, or the contemplation of God, the only thing of importance and neglected the things having to do with our love and duty to our neighbor. At the present day most, even in the churches, looking to the good of society—or social gospel, as it is called—which they identify with love toward their neighbor, neglect the words of the greatest Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy mind."

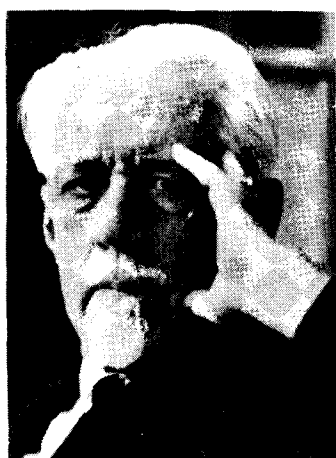
LOSING THEIR INFLUENCE?

From the Prologue: A religious belief which demands profound study and effort, which has no prospect of becoming popular, which is and will be despised by the learned sophisticates, and which therefore will be accepted by few, has little appeal, except to those who desire to find and follow the truth even if it causes them to be despised and ridiculed.

The great majority of people say that they believe in God. But in modern times, particularly in America and Europe, the idea of God has become more and more vague and uncertain, so that to many, God has become an unknown God.

WHO IS OUR LORD?

Nowadays most people think theology is unimportant; they think that they can have a kind of intuition of God, apart from any definite idea. If a person thinks he loves his father and mother and is uninterested in the character and quality of his parents, in the history of their life, in their goals, their ideals, and their thoughts, his love is a sentimental love of no value. In the same way, if a man thinks he loves God and is uninterested in the-



THEODORE PITCAIRN

ology, his love is a sentimental love of no value; for theology is nothing but the knowledge of God, and to pretend to love without wishing to know God is a fantasy. In a word, if one says he loves God and is uninterested in theology, his love is not genuine.

It is important not only to know, if possible, who our Lord and God is, but also to know the nature, attributes, or qualities of God. A false idea of God necessarily leads to a false idea of man; and vice versa, a false idea of man leads to a false idea of God, and this, to a false idea of life.

If a man does not find his Lord and his God, he ascribes this to his understanding and not to the real cause, namely, that not having a pure heart, he cannot see God—he cannot find Him.

A NOBLER RELIGION

From the Postscript: The higher, the purer, and the nobler a religion, the worse are they who are in it and do not live according to its precepts. A bad heathen is not nearly so bad as a bad Christian... whereas a Christian who lives contrary to the Lord's Commandments, and feels certain he is saved, is the worst of all, for to his other sins he adds the worst form of pride. The prime evil in the world is the love of self, pride, vanity.

Every man by his very nature loves himself in the first place, and from this love wishes in his heart to be as God, knowing from himself good and evil. He does not want a Divine Human God above himself, before whom he is to kneel and bow down. He does not want a Divine Revelation of the Word of God. If, therefore, a man is really to seek God where he can be found, it is not in the first place an intellectual question, but it is a question of wrestling with one's own pride and the conceit of one's own intelligence, for it is these that hide the face of God, and no seeking after God will enable man to find Him as long as these hide His face.

Some accept atheism or agnosticism because they wish to give free rein to their desires, apart from any restraint of conscience. Other become agnostics or atheists because they see so many so-called Christians live hypocritical lives—going to church and putting on an appearance of piety, whereas in business and sexual conduct they are worse than those of many who make little pretense of having any faith.

A NEW UNDERSTANDING

We especially address ourselves to those who are distressed at the signs of the times and desire to consider the basic causes of the confusion of our day: causes which are on the plane of ideas but which have their effect in the life of people. We shall examine the cause of what we see as the decline of Christian civilization and consider remedies for it.

The only real cure demands a new understanding of and faith in the Lord, a new understanding of the relation of God to man and of man to God; and a new repentance out of a humble heart. This must be accompanied by a hope—but a realistic hope, not an optimistic idea that all things will turn quickly for the better; a hope that there will be a sufficient number of people who will come to a new repentance so that there can be established a true Christian civilization which can endure.

Theodore Pitcairn

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM

[PETER F.] DRUCKER:

The Age of Discontinuity

Bureaucratic men who have no policies and no leadership qualities emerge as effective; they somehow know how to make red tape do their bidding. But then, of course, they use it for the one thing red tape is good for, i.e., to bundle up yesterday in neat little packages.

BRAINE

(cont. from p. 750)

But if what can't happen here does happen here, then if indeed I'm allowed to survive at all it will only be at the price of writing the kind of novels of which the regime approves. And the only kind of novel I am able to write is one which tells the truth about the society I live in.

To tell the truth: which is sometimes to celebrate, sometimes to mourn, but never to criticize, never to suggest any radical change. For there can be nothing seriously wrong with a society which permits the truth to be told about itself. I accept this society and will fight to preserve it.

I am not under the illusion that what I think will affect the course of events. I am only certain of this: If I don't think as deeply and clearly as I can about the survival of Western civilization—nothing less is involved—then I shall have betrayed not only myself and my wife and children, but my country.

It isn't very comfortable being a rebel. But never since I changed have I felt that my thoughts were anyone's but my own. Clumsily expressed they may be. Intemperate they may be. But when I speak, I speak as an individual. And that, when I come to think of it, is what the struggle between the Left and the Right is all about. □

DELECTATIONS

(cont. from p. 753)

since the fourteenth century. The Welcome, heightened now and modernized, is a first-class hotel. Villefranche is as good a place as any to spend a holiday but, and it is an important but, it is no longer the home for artists and writers that it was. The old tranquility has gone.

The first sign of change came in the summer of 1932 when blue buses from Nice started to run down into the square and there was no need any longer for the steep climb to the *octroi* to catch the rattling trolley. The blue bus is a godsend to the visitor, yet at the time it was that steep climb and that precipitate descent that gave Villefranche its special cachet. Between 1929 and 1931 I used to sit after breakfast on the Welcome terrace, writing my stories on a round blue table; nothing disturbed me except an occasional dog or a persistent infant. "The big world" made no impact on me. It was different when a large blue caravan drew up be-

side me, reminding me that Nice was only a quarter of an hour away—Nice, and all that went with Nice.

I could list a dozen minor things that have made Villefranche different. The small square behind the Welcome is still called *Place du Marché* but fruit and vegetables are no longer sold there. A road runs all the way along the harbor-side to the beach under the railway line. Where once the long-haired girls sauntered in couples in the evening, the visitors to a stretch of restaurants are now entertained by musicians and performers, in particular by a trick cyclist who has appeared as a background figure in many films. But all those are the minor changes that take place inevitably during forty years. It was the big blue bus that made the essential difference.

Even so the old magic lingers there. And I would suggest that any aspirant for a Ph.D. with a thesis to write on the Twenties should spend three days at least at the Welcome to get its atmosphere and to discover why Cocteau, who was so much a mouthpiece of the Twenties wrote that it was there that he had spent "*le meilleur de ma vie.*" □

EWING

(cont. from p. 746)

has now become that of dealing with the limited threat posed by China's potential nuclear forces, a U.S. or a Soviet ABM system would almost certainly induce both super-powers to step up their strategic weapon programs in an effort to ensure their respective "deterrent" capabilities.

The Summary stated in part: "The Committee believes that the control of nuclear armed forces is becoming more difficult with each passing year and that a major effort must be made now to halt the drift toward international anarchy. We believe that the United States, as the most powerful nation in the world, can take the lead in seeking agreements on measures of collective security and of arms limitation and reduction and should do whatever can usefully and safely be done unilaterally as well as jointly. Toward that end we propose a series of steps which taken together would make a systematic and significant beginning to more far-reaching disarmament." Nobly said. Except that there was a slight catch. In 1968 a book was published in Russia, called *Fifty Years of the Armed Forces of the USSR* and written by Marshal M. V. Zakharov, Chief of the Soviet Armed Forces. In it, he states that the

Soviet ABM program got under way in 1958, not 1968: "The creation of ballistic missiles and space vehicles required a modern air-defense system to respond not only against the aircraft threat, but also—and first of all—to provide anti-missile and antispace (specifically, in Russian, antic cosmic) defense. . ."

Item four: It is now 1969. From an "Occasional Paper," February 1969, published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, written by Jerome Wiesner:

We always underestimate our own capabilities and overestimate that of the other fellow. I think this is true of both sides, and it generates what I call a parallax effect. That is, if the Russians build a defensive system, we think it is better than it is, so we overbuild in order to penetrate it, and vice versa. Thus there is the real possibility that when everything is stabilized at some higher level and we are all relaxed because we have become used to it, the potential for destruction will have gone up instead of down.

Note that expert Wiesner, Jerome B., wrote, "if the Russians build a defensive system." Sixty-seven ABM sites around Moscow are not "if." They're there.

And what do the Russians, who are spending two to three times as much as we are on strategic military forces, have to say? From *Military Strategy* (third edition, 1968):

In its political and social essence, a new world war will be a decisive armed clash between two opposed world social systems. This war will naturally end in victory for the progressive Communist socio-economic system over the reactionary capitalist socio-economic system which is historically doomed to destruction. The guarantee for such an outcome of the war is the real balance between the political, economic and military forces of the two systems, which has changed in favor of the socialist camp. However, victory in a future war will not come by itself. It must be thoroughly prepared for and assured.

In other words, with experts like Wiesner, who needs enemies? □

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Vietnam Developments

On The Right

New York, July 12—We have been permitted to hope that the war in Vietnam is about to take a quick turn for the better. For a period of a week the enemy appeared to have been seized by a quite unusual inertia. Could it be that, finally, the wisdom of retrenchment was dawning on Vietnam military leaders? A few observations:

1) It is unlikely that the Hanoi government has reached any such conclusion. Not because they are spared the great stresses of battle fatigue. It is obviously becoming more and more difficult to sustain the war effort on the scale to which the North Vietnamese have become accustomed, but the North Vietnamese have proved themselves capable of greater and greater effort. But we have working against us not only the crowning disadvantages of fanaticism fueled by the Soviet armory but others of a self-inflicted nature. For instance, the famous article in *Foreign Affairs* by Clark Clifford.

2) One assumes that the self-regulated President Nixon didn't suddenly lose control of himself for no particular reason when at his press conference he turned on Clark Clifford. Clifford's article was taken from a speech he delivered before the Council on Foreign Relations a mere four weeks after Clifford ceased to be the Secretary of Defense. That speech said in almost as many words that he had come to realize, while Secretary of Defense, that the United States could not achieve its objectives in Vietnam. Unless he came to those conclusions between the time that he left office and the time that he composed his speech—which is, to say the least, unlikely—one would think that he would have taken the opportunity as Secretary of Defense to accost President Johnson as bluntly as he accosted the members of the Council on Foreign Relations and, subsequently, the readers of their periodical. If President Johnson had overruled him, Clifford was most certainly obliged to resign. Instead he held on to his office, waited until a Republican successor took over and before the new Administration had a chance to establish itself firmly in office, he launched his resonant dissent.

It is fashionable to disparage any criticism of American opposition to the Vietnam war on the grounds that such

criticism helps the enemy. It is true that the technique has been overused, most notoriously, on one occasion, by Secretary of State Dean Rusk. It is improper to condemn the chaplain of Yale University for criticizing the war because Uncle Ho might hear him.

BUT WHAT IS ONE TO MAKE of a Secretary of Defense only a few weeks out of office telling the world in effect that American military activity is foredoomed to defeat? It has not been reported, so far as I am aware, what the Hanoi radio did with Mr. Clifford's article. What it did was to publicize a four-paragraph condensation of it on its domestic wires, concluding with the observation:

"We [i.e., the Hanoi government] can say that the evaluation by Clifford was quite objective. Let us ask: Who knows the capability, the military and economic potentialities, of the U.S. better than the U. S. Secretary of Defense? The above conclusion by Clifford is nothing but a confirmation that the U.S. failed in the war in Vietnam." Mr. Nixon, it might be remembered, is commander-in-chief. One hopes America will never have as commander-in-chief someone who wouldn't be distressed by a statement made by someone just out of the womb of the Pentagon of such vital use to the enemy.

3) Those who trust Mr. Nixon believe he had something in mind other than campaign oratory when during the campaign he said that he had a solution in mind for ending the Vietnam war. They are beginning to wonder whether Mr. Nixon has the freedom of movement, at this dismal point in contemporary history, to do what he would like to do. Can he in fact mobilize the State Department and the Pentagon and the CIA behind an effort that requires imagination and spirit and a consolidated loyalty? Or is the whole gang of them—like Senator Clifford Case—so demoralized by the leering suspicion of American impotence as to behave like Napoleon's army retreating from Moscow, plagued above all things by their own demoralization? Does Mr. Nixon have the *energy* to drain the ideologized doomsayers who staff the professional government of their *Weltschmerz*, sufficient to turn the situ-

ation back into such hopefulness as more closely corresponds with the realities? These realities are that we are the strongest nation in the world, engaged in helping an agricultural people protect themselves against the corruption of an anticolonialist crusade by Communist ideologues. Who knows, who knows. So very much hangs on it. □

CAN YOU STAND IT?

New York, July 10—A thing called the Coalition on National Priorities and Military Policy is going strong these days, having rallied last week simultaneously in Hollywood and New York in order to mobilize opposition to the ABM.

Consider, for example, the analysis made at Madison Square Garden by Mayor John Lindsay of New York, who is gradually threatening the reputation of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. The mayor warmed up with one of those zeugmas that try men's souls: "That money," he said referring to the money that we are spending in Vietnam, "belongs in the streets, the homes and the hopes of the cities." Comment: That money belongs, assuming it was not necessary to spend it on the military, in the pockets of the people who earn it, not in the treasuries of the politicians whose mishandling of the affairs of the cities is, alas, a public expense.

"I come here, fundamentally, to speak of a city that has felt the full, crippling impact of military force; a city that suffers each day destruction from our armed might. . . . That city is not Berlin. It is not Hiroshima. It is not Hanoi. That city is New York." Comment: Once again, the *non sequitur*. The cost of the war in Vietnam has been approximately \$20 billion a year. The population of New York City is approximately 3.5 per cent of the population of the United States. That means New York City has contributed \$700 million per year towards the war in Vietnam, or \$100 per person. For \$700 million, John Lindsay couldn't plant daisies in Central Park.

When John Lindsay ran for mayor, the welfare cost in New York City was at approximately \$635 million per year. After four years of Mr. Lindsay, wel-

fare is at approximately one billion seven hundred million per year. One can hardly conclude that Vietnam slowed down John Lindsay, the spender.

THE TAXPAYERS of New York send \$3 billion in tax money every year to fight an indefensible war in Vietnam." Comment: The war in Vietnam is hardly indefensible. I defend it.

"They spend \$6 billion more every year to finance the continued growth of the military-defense empire. That is \$9 billion of New York money that goes every year into the work of death. That kind of priority is insane, and it is time we had the courage to say so."

It is time we had the courage to express our contempt for such arrant demagoguery. We are spending, at this moment in the nation's history, about 9 per cent of the Gross National Product on the military. That percentage has actually decreased since that spent under President Eisenhower, a percentage which was—in the opinion of Presidential candidates John Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller—not high enough adequately to guarantee the security of this nation. There is no reason to prefer water purification or slum removal over against the guarding of the essential conditions of America, namely security from foreign assault.

What we purchase every year for \$80 billion is worth much more to individual New Yorkers than everything contributed by John Lindsay and his zealous welfarists. What the citizens of New York purchase for their military dollar is the right to speak their minds, the right to organize their political parties, the right to join unions, the right to publish and read newspapers, to listen to radio and television, to go to church, to come and go, and above all to tell their mayor to go jump in the polluted river.

Those essential rights are protected against hydrogen bombs and bayonets that are at the disposal of people who only one year ago demonstrated in Czechoslovakia what they can continue to do to those who are powerless. Mr. Lindsay should send over one of his task forces to Prague and ask the man in the street there, would he give up 10 per cent of his annual income in order to get rid of the Russians? He would look the questioner in the face with dumb amazement, which is the only appropriate expression for anyone weighing the foolishness of John Lindsay. □

CRAWFIE STRIKES AGAIN

Gallagher of the years when she served as secretary to Mrs. John F. Kennedy,

New York, July 14—I do not intend to read the account by Mrs.

but one must assume that the reports of that book which have been published in the newspapers diligently collect the most sensational revelations about Mrs. Kennedy—and they are utterly unsensational.

What is one to do, for instance, with the item that Mrs. Kennedy, even while living in splendor, instructed her staff to make the household purchases at stores which issued green stamps? I cannot see any meaning on the shady side of quaint that we can attach to that wholesome determination to take advantage of the little economies life makes available even to first ladies.

It is not known whether Queen Elizabeth has given complementary instructions to her equeuries, but it would not be antitraditional. During the war, King George would not permit his royal bath-pourer to put more than three inches of hot water in the tub, thereby joining in the common sacrifice to save fuel. Most of England has had generations of experience in saving bath-water, so that the ordeal was bearable. Harry Truman was visited on the day that he left the White House by John Mason Brown, who thought to write about what a President does during the two-three hours before driving off with his successor to the inauguration. What Harry Truman did was float about the offices opening drawers, and taking paper clips and 3 x 5 cards and pencils and putting them in his pockets, which he would periodically empty into a large vat destined for Independence, Missouri. Who thinks less of Mr. Truman for his husbandry?

MRS. GALLAGHER attempts to make a contrast. After all, she rebukes her, wasn't she spending \$50,000 or more a year on clothes? So what? Lyndon Johnson was spending \$150 billion a year on odds and ends, and ordering the lights turned off in the White House, in order to effect a few savings. Who thought less of him for that? Add up the cost of those little economies, and you have a major economy, as any householder knows. What point could Mrs. Gallagher be striving for?

That Mrs. Kennedy was stingy because she declined, at first, to raise Mrs. Gallagher's salary? But salaries are, in a free society, a matter for negotiation. Wages and prices are set, according to the wisdom of the ages, *secundum aestimationem fori*—according to the estimate of the marketplace. It may be that Mrs. Kennedy figured, quite shrewdly, that Mrs. Gallagher was being amply paid in the light of the absolutely predictable commercial uses to which she would one day be putting her intimacy with her employer. If Mrs. Gallagher thought her salary too low, she had the option of quitting, an option which Mrs. Kennedy, looking

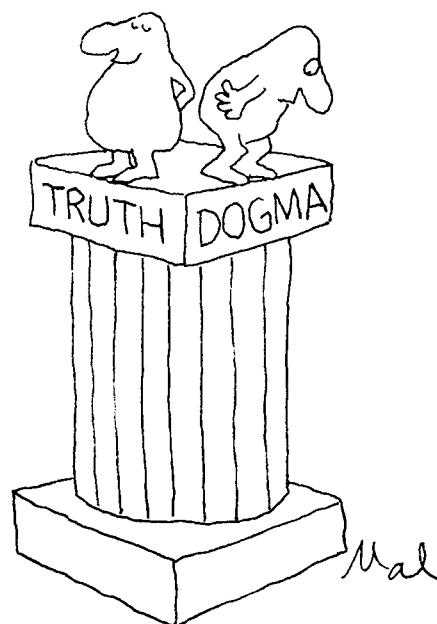
back, must certainly wish she had exercised.

Mrs. Gallagher is obsessed with money. She writes that she was always convinced that there were two things John F. Kennedy wanted in his home, and that one of them was "no money worries." Alas, she sighs, Jackie was not able thus to satisfy her husband. Jackie hell, the Chase National Bank couldn't satisfy her husband, if in fact he felt the press of money worries. The founding father was an unstinting provider, and it is estimated that John Kennedy had income from about \$10 million, which at 5 per cent means five hundred thou, plus one hundred thousand salary as President, makes six hundred thou, less taxes, makes two hundred thou, plus loopholes makes, say, three hundred thousand. One's reserves of compassion somehow do not extend to worrying about John F. Kennedy's money problems.

AND THEN Mrs. Gallagher says, "I sometimes thought it would be nice if Jackie would eat breakfast with the Senator." I think she meant to say, "I thought it would be nice if sometimes Jackie would eat breakfast with the Senator." On the other hand, one is about ready to settle for her saying simply, "I sometimes thought." Not often enough.

I cannot imagine anything in the world more exemplary than breakfast quite quite alone, wherein to suffer, in solitude, the ordeal of reading the *New York Times*. I think it most understanding of Mrs. Kennedy to permit Mr. Kennedy the solitude of his breakfast hour, and I think more of her now than ever. Indeed if ever I accumulate a surplus, I shall send her some of my green stamps. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



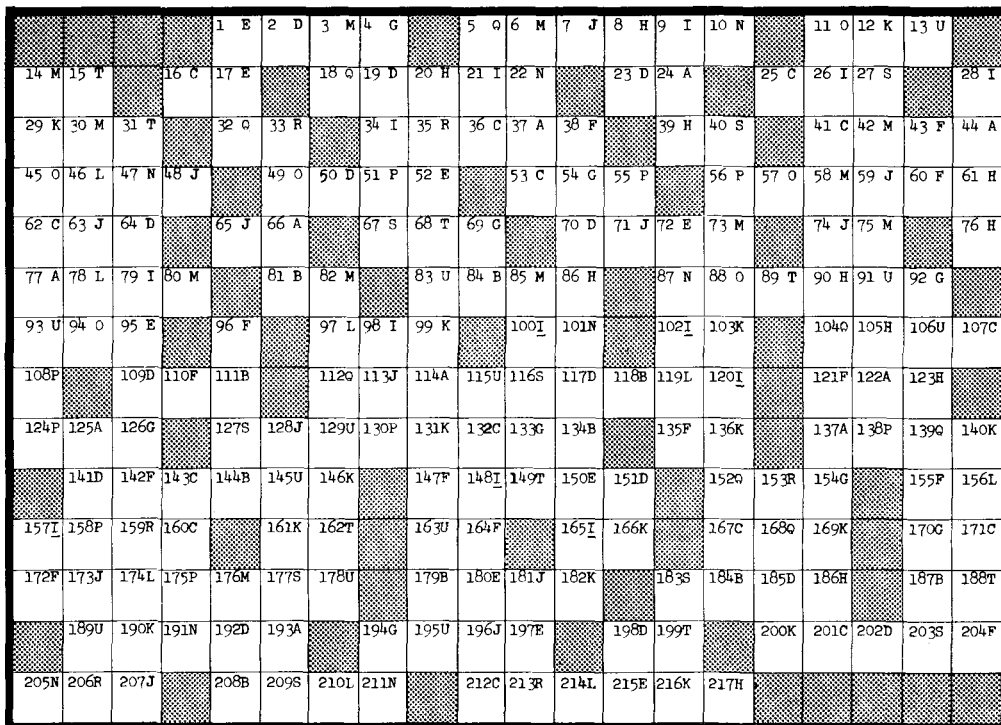
Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (below) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 764 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



DEFINITIONS

A. Town in Victoria, Australia

137 24 44 37 66 77 114 122 125 193

B. Brother of a bad actor

144 111 179 187 134 81 84 118 208 184

C. The splitting of the nucleus of an atom into nuclei of lighter atoms

167 36 132 143 160 171 201 212 16 25
41 53 62 107

D. Nickname of Minnesota

192 2 19 23 50 64 70 109 117 141
151 185 198 202

E. An island near the Virgin Islands

197 215 1 52 72 95 180 150 17

F. Change in character (verb)

38 96 121 155 164 43 60 110 135 142
147 172 204

G. Unscramble TARDY EYES

69 4 170 54 92 154 194 133 126

H. What the author of this quotation once was

76 90 39 61 86 8 20 105 186 217
123

I. A type of missile

98 21 28 100 148 26 9 79 102 120
157 165 34

J. So appetizing in appearance as to cause the saliva to flow

128 7 63 65 71 74 113 181 207 48
173 196 59

K. One who treats disease or bodily defects by massage, gymnastics, etc., instead of drugs

200 29 99 103 131 136 146 182 190 216
12 140 161 166 169

L. Octavian

210 78 46 156 97 214 119 174

M. A person who acts between others

14 58 73 75 85 3 6 80 176 30
42 82

N. A French working girl or salesgirl

22 205 191 87 10 101 211 47

O. An aged Trojan who advised Aeneas during the journey from Troy

45 57 94 49 88 11

P. A system of anti-ballistic missile defense that the President has asked Congress to approve

55 51 175 138 108 158 124 130 56

Q. What talkative war captives did

5 152 18 32 168 104 139 112

R. A suspended batten or plate of wood or brass pierced with holes through which the cords of a crowfoot are rove to suspend an awning

33 153 206 159 35 213

S. Collyria

40 27 116 183 127 67 209 177 203

T. Any of several species of pussy's toe

89 68 15 188 162 149 199 31

U. This is more powerful than its atomic counterpart

163 13 178 91 106 115 129 145 189 195
83 93



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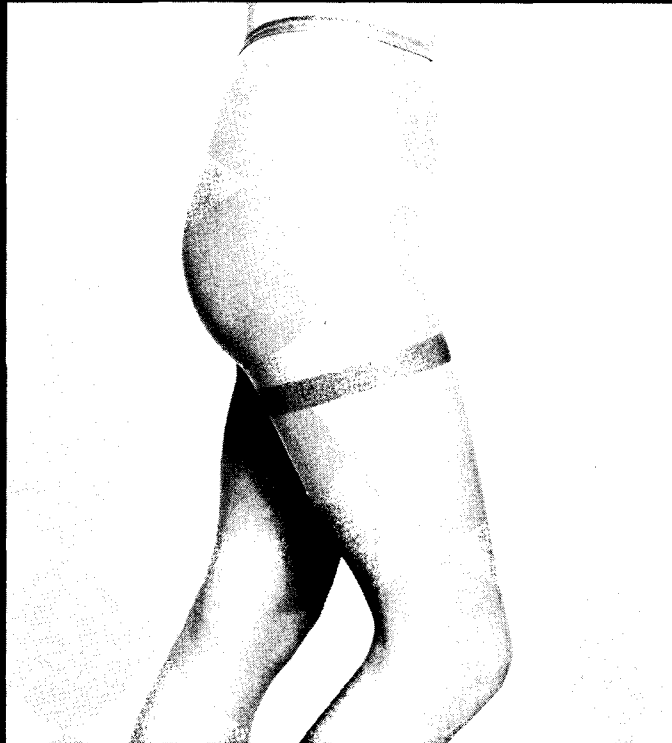
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